

SPEAK SOFTLY, AND CARRY A

BIG

SICK

YEARBOOK

featuring
**WORLD'S
WILDEST
HISTORY
BOOK**

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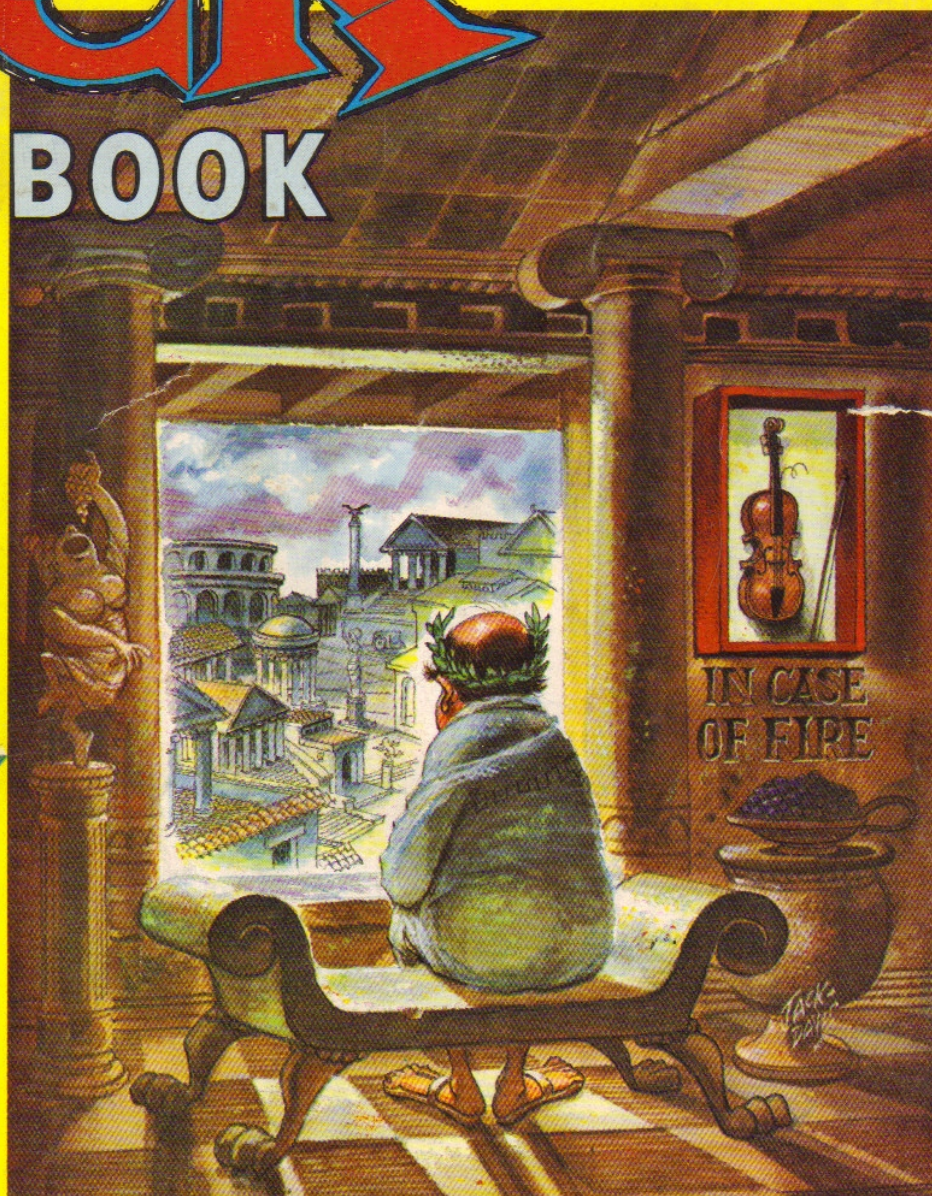
2nd
edition

50¢



GREAT
SPOOFS
FROM
SICK
MAGAZINE

JOE
SIMON



VALUABLE BONUS

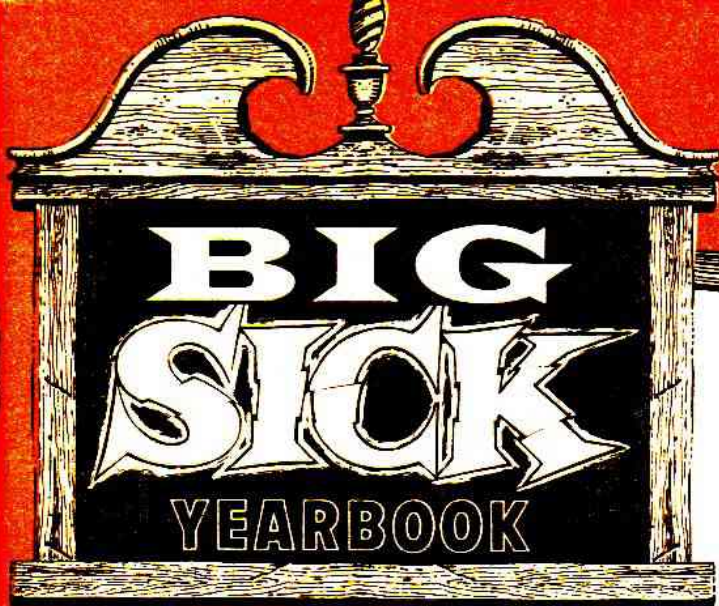
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POP ART MASTERPIECE!

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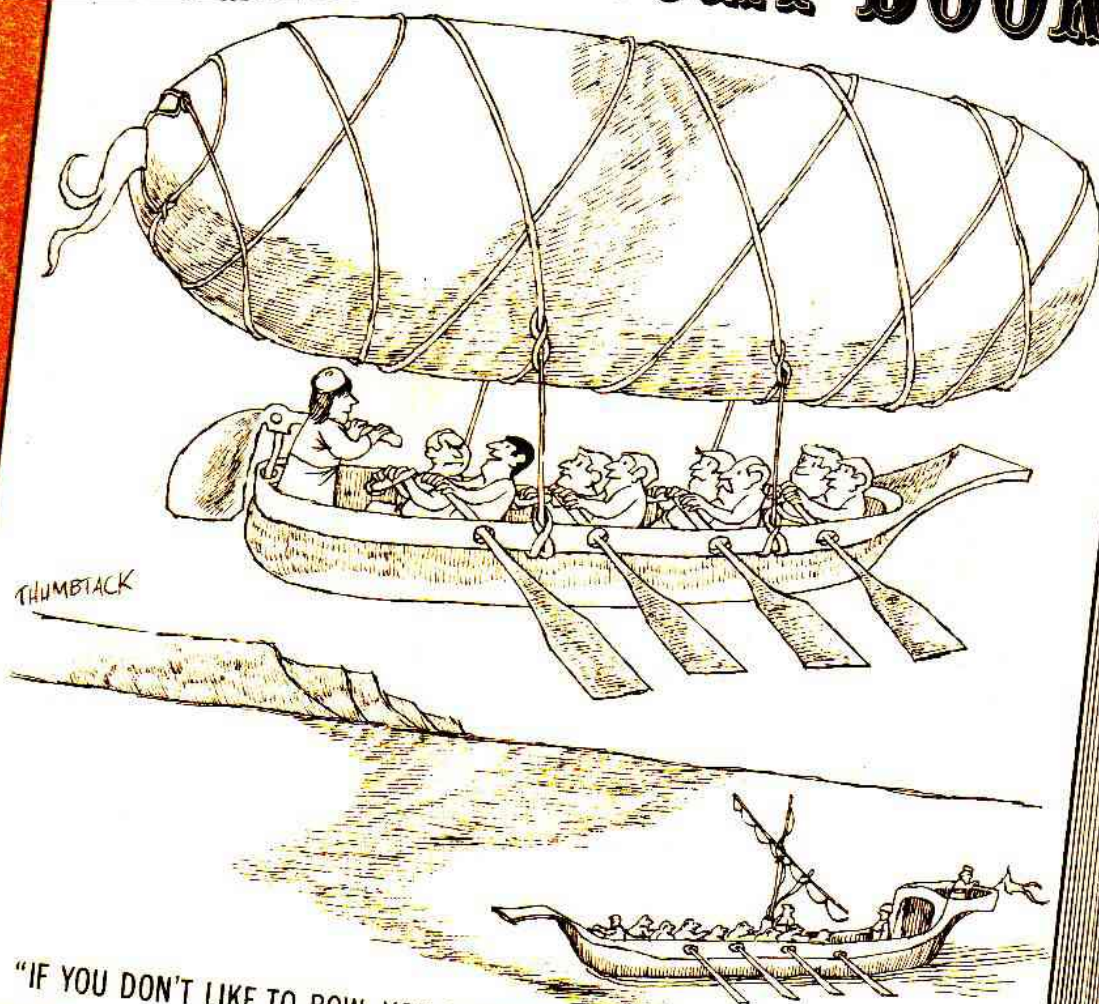


featuring

FRACTURED HISTORY BOOK

COVER No. 2

GREAT
SPOOFS
FROM
SICK
MAGAZINE



"IF YOU DON'T LIKE TO ROW, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE JOINED THE AIR FORCE."

Great Fire of Rome

What started as strictly a Colosseum cookout got a bit out of hand, and proceeded to burn down every split-level temple and ranch-style rotunda in the city. It also reduced to ashes thousands of trees in the outlying districts, making this particular moment in history a night to remember — the night that Smokey the Bear got a heart-attack! Though no one knows for sure exactly how the fire began, legend has it that it was caused by the emperor, when he accidentally rubbed two gladiators together. Some claim the blaze was brought about by spontaneous combustion, caused when Nero dated Gina Lollobrigida, Claudia Cardinale, and Sophia Loren all in one night! But the burning of Rome wasn't a total loss. Even though Nero double-parked his chariot in front of his favorite grocery store (blocking the only fire-hydrant in town) the extreme heat melted the mozzarella cheese he had bought and laminated it to his chariot wheel, thus creating the world's first pizza!

POP-ART MASTERPIECE CUT-OUT INSTRUCTIONS.

SIMPLY LIFT UP TOP SHEET BY REMOVING IT CAREFULLY FROM THE THREE STAPLES THAT BIND IT TO THE REST OF THE MAGAZINE.

USE A NAIL FILE, A SAFETY PIN OR WHAT-HAVE YOU — BUT ABOVE ALL, USE YOUR HEAD.

New York City policemen have been harrassed by pugnacious citizens lately. Hoodlums have been throwing sticks and stones from rooftops at patrolmen (so far, no one has tried calling them names). Mayor Wagner has vowed to make the streets of New York

LONE STRANGER'S

The Scene is Police Headquarters, 35th Precinct, New York City.

Look, Mac, if you play ball with us we'll go easy with you. The arresting officer reports he was cruising through Central Park when he saw a speed of light, a cloud of smoke, fiery hoofs and a hardy Hi Yo, Silver . . . Then, he saw you and this Indian riding on the bridge path . . . What's your name?

The Lone Stranger.

The Indian called you Kimosabi. Why do you dress up this way— do you see other people dressed up in an outfit like yours? I'm surprised you weren't picked up before. Why do you wear that mask?

The mask doesn't mean I'm a criminal. It is merely to hide my identity.

From whom? Would anyone know you without the mask? Do you wear other costumes?

Sometimes I dress up like an old man or an old woman.

Are you putting me on? . . . I noticed you carry silver bullets? Do you believe in werewolves, Kimosabi?

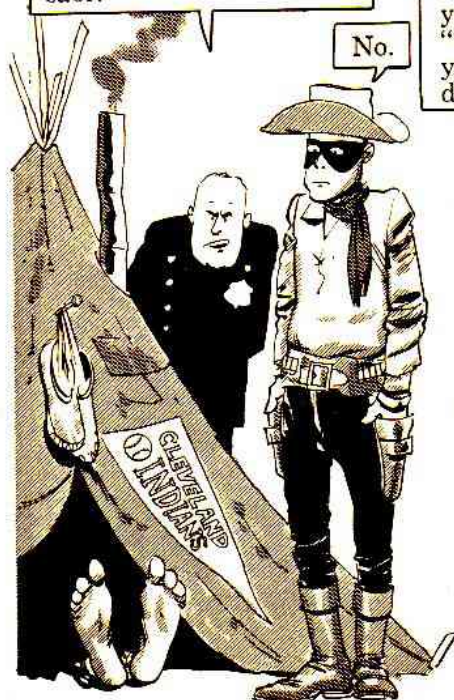
No.

Did you ever see a werewolfe. I mean, when you and your drinking buddy have had a few? Your horse's name is Sliver — we heard you say it to your horse—"Hi Yo, Sliver." What did you mean by that? What does—"Hi Yo" mean?

It's just a term I use to make Sliver go faster.

Ever heard of "Giddyap?" I'm going to let you go this time. We'll have to get your fingerprints and take a mug shot of you. Take that sleep mask off.

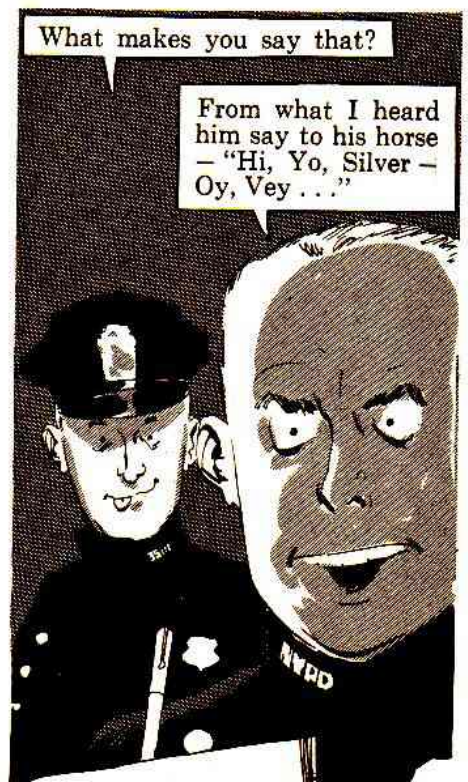
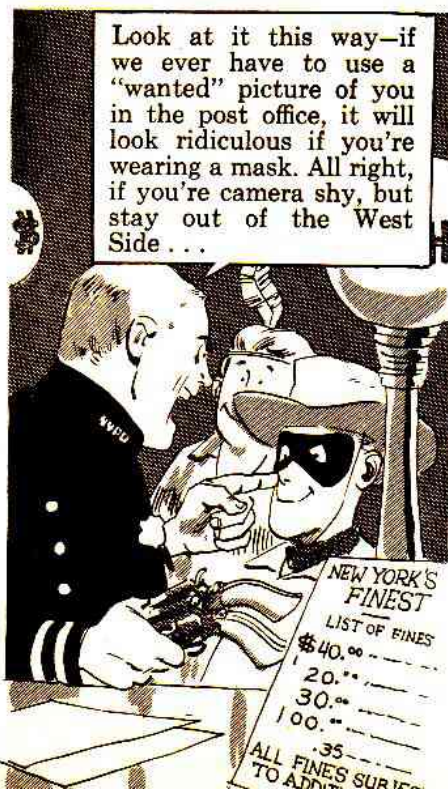
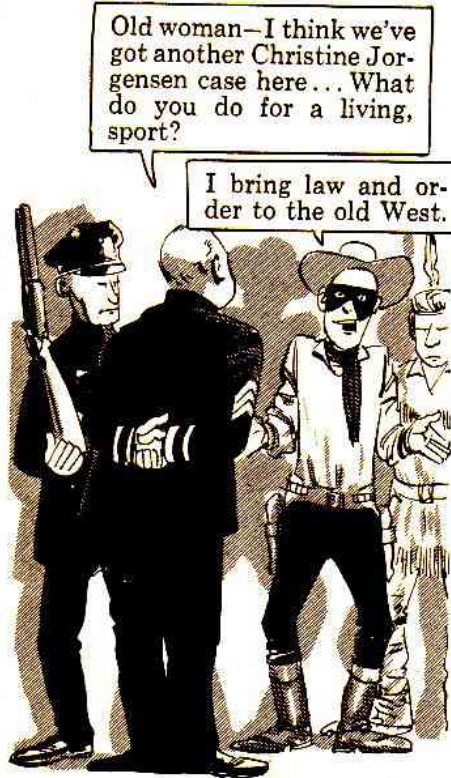
My identity must remain a secret.

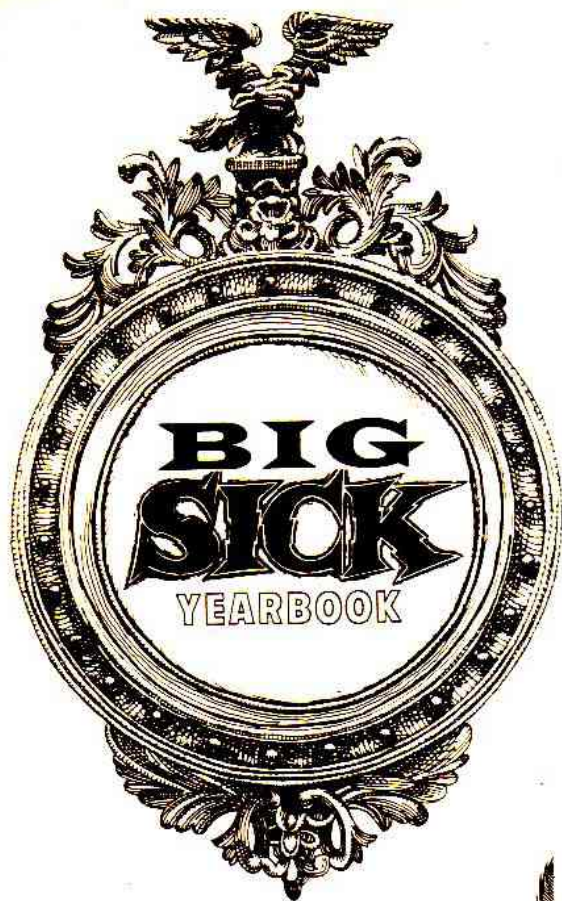


safe for policemen. The police have retaliated by arresting suspicious-looking characters. Recently, they went too far, picking up a long-time defender of law and order . . . Their interrogation went something like this . . .

ARRAIGNMENT

Desk Sergeant O'Hallaran is questioning a masked man brought in on suspicion.





IN THIS ISSUE:

SICK HISTORY...

Buffalo Bill rode like he was glued to the saddle. They achieved this effect by glueing him to the saddle... When Noah's Ark landed, an Angel offered Noah a drink. The Angel apologized for the cheap wine and Noah replied, "Well, any port in a storm."

Ben Franklin never knew he discovered electricity. After his kite experiment, he thought he had invented a new key chain

Why did the Russians build walls in West Berlin? Wouldn't hedges have served the same purpose?

If it hadn't been for Tom Edison, today we'd all be watching TV by candlelight.

Miles Standish's famous last words: "Never send John Alden on an errand..."

The Spanish explorer, Ponce de Leon went in search of the Fountain of Youth in the early 1600's and discovered Florida. The ending of that story was written last week when Ponce de Leon died in Miami Beach, still searching for the Fountain of Youth

FEATURES...

IS AMELIA EARHART STILL ALIVE?...

A suspenseful article that will have you hanging on every word. The first word is "rope."

ROWAN & MARTIN...

Top flight comedy team. When they heard we were doing an article on them, Dick and Dan jumped for joy. But Joy got away.

TEEN-AGE DANCE PARTY...

The terrible thing about juvenile delinquency is that it's confined to young people

THE TUNNEL...

SICK digs into the story of a tunnel in Italy. If you want dirt, Italy's the place to find it. One SICK reporter interviewed Mussolini for two hours before he realized he was talking to Il Duce's feet.

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HISTORY'S BIRTHDAY

HISTORY is one of the most interesting subjects you can study. There's only one subject more interesting and that's language — the HISTORY of language. Have you ever wondered why the ancient Greeks spoke ancient Greek? They just as easily could have spoken French or Turkish. There is a reason the ancient Greeks spoke Greek, they had to, because all their books and newspapers were written in ancient Greek. You'll find that these things are fairly simple if you just think about them.

OR have you ever wondered about the mystery of the Sphinx? What is the mystery of the Sphinx? That's the mystery. See how easy that one was.

THE trouble with history is that it isn't always correct. Like Otto Preminger said, "*History isn't always accurate.*" He was right although that isn't exactly what he said and Otto Preminger didn't say it. But history is all we have and we guess each of us has to believe it. Or as Lot's wife said when she saw her husband for the last time: "That's my lot."

ON the following pages, SICK gives its version of famous historical events. When we say this is the way they really happened, we know a lot of people will laugh at us, but many people laughed at Fulton until he cleaned up his material.

ONE of our readers recently wrote to tell us that her history teacher disagreed with our version of the Alexander Hamilton-Aaron Burr duel. We asked the student how her teacher knew so much about the duel. "Was she there?" It turned out she was and had some nasty bullet wounds to prove it.



And then, after
we set fire to
the Reichstag

WE Americans love heroes; we are a nation of hero-worshippers. Our heroes are pioneers in any field of endeavor—men who risk their lives presumably because they have foresight and courage. But did it ever occur to you that these heroes might not have been too bright? If a guy fights against overwhelming odds, maybe he just can't count.

Take Christopher Columbus—a big hero. They even gave him a day. He said the world was round. He said if you sailed on the Atlantic Ocean long enough you would come to China. He sailed on the Atlantic Ocean and landed in the West Indies. He went ashore and said: "This is China." If Columbus had landed in *Italy* he would have called it China.

Columbus returned to Spain and announced, I landed in China. And they agreed with him. No, they're going to tell him he landed in the West Indies? No one knew from the West Indies. At least China, they knew.

That's why, today, if you go to the West Indies, you'll find it's loaded with Chinese restaurants.

HISTORICAL



Take Charles Lindbergh, the Lone Eagle. In his one-seater plane, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, he flew solo from New York to Paris across the Atlantic Ocean. This was smart? This took brains? He could have taken a boat and met some nice people. Maybe even made a few new friends. It would take a little longer, but he would have someone to talk to on the trip. Lindbergh became an American hero of travel because he was anti-social.



George Washington crossed the Delaware River in the middle of winter in an open boat to get to Trenton, New Jersey. All right—to get to Newark we could understand, but *Trenton*! We've heard of people leaving in the middle of winter in open boats to get away from Trenton. This is the man we made our first President. A man who spent his childhood chopping down trees and then turning himself in for it. Although modern historians say the story of Washington chopping down the cherry tree is untrue. They say it was a myth...A mythtree...



HEROES

story-Dee Caruso & Bill Levine
art- Jack Davis

Take Vasco Balboa, another big hero of early America. He discovered the Pacific Ocean. Is the Pacific Ocean so tough to discover? It's a big ocean. You know how smart Balboa was? It took him 25 years to discover the Pacific Ocean. For the first 15 years he was looking for it in Colorado. You go to Southern California and fall asleep some night on any beach. You won't have to discover the Pacific Ocean. In the morning the Pacific Ocean will discover you.



Alexander Graham Bell, inventive genius that he was, was not smart. He invented the telephone, but he didn't make a dime. Somebody else invented the pay phone. Do you have any idea how much money there is in pay phones right this minute? If Alexander Graham Bell had made any money on the telephone, would he be working on "International Showtime" today?

General George Custer and his small band of 276 cavalymen engaged in battle with fifteen thousand Indians. General Custer completely miscalculated the odds. He was a good soldier but a lousy mathematician. He thought that he had the Indian outnumbered. It's true. When the Sioux Indians started the last attack that was to completely wipe out the cavalymen, General Custer's last command to his men was: "Don't take any prisoners."



And in the Revolutionary War, when British frigates had been shelling and battering and bombarding the Bonhomme Richard for 10 solid hours—ten hours of shelling, battering and bombarding without let-up. And then, Captain John Paul Jones stood on the bridge of his vessel and shouted: *"I have just begun to fight!"*

Where was he for the past ten hours? Down in his cabin boozing it up? For this, they made him a naval hero.



How about that other great naval hero, Commander James Lawrence, who shouted *"Don't give up the ship!"* to the men of the U.S.S. Chesapeake? Lawrence shouted it to the men aboard the Chesapeake from a rowboat while he was frantically rowing for shore.

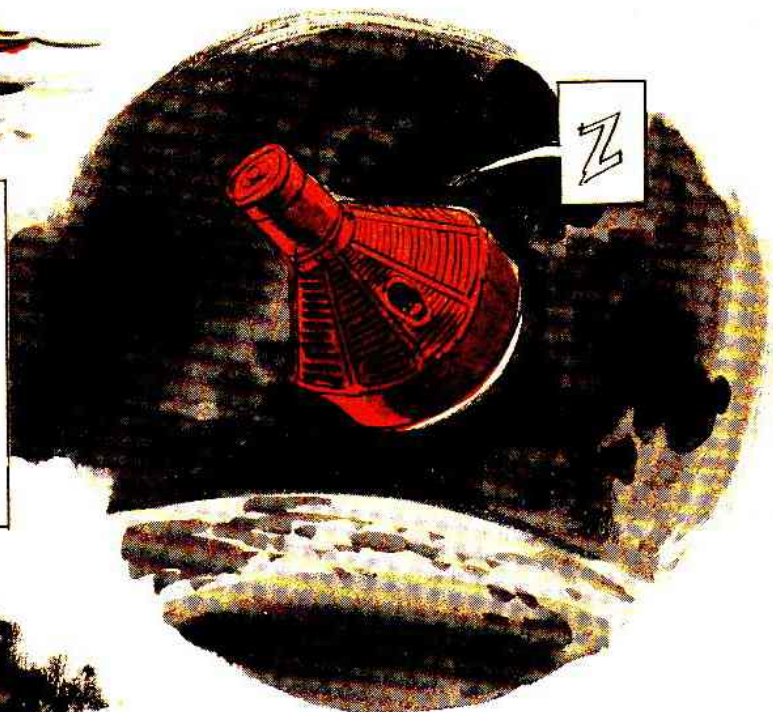
It's not true Navy captains always go down with their ship—those are submarine captains.

SHIPS ARE EXPENSIVE.



We have our current national heroes, too—the astronauts who go up into space—Sheppard, Glenn, Grissom. Have you noticed something—all our astronauts are married men. Not just married men but married men with families.

Do you know what a relief it is for a married man with children to get away alone by himself, even for just a little while? Believe us, when we put those astronauts in that little capsule, we're doing them a favor.



GAD... NOT A PHONE ANY WHERE!

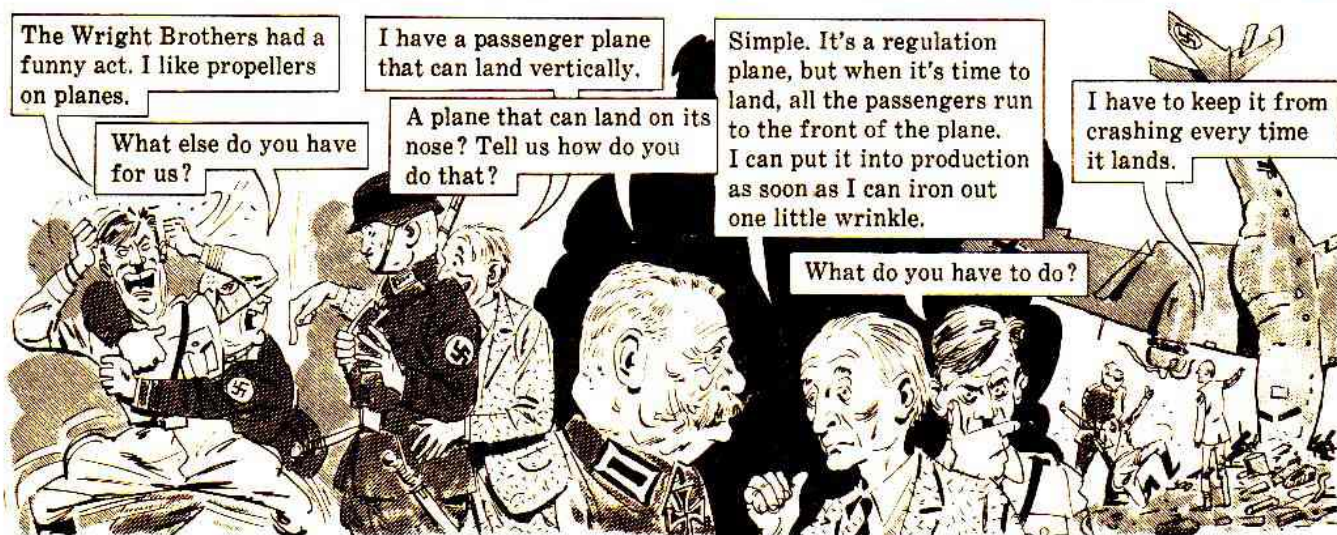
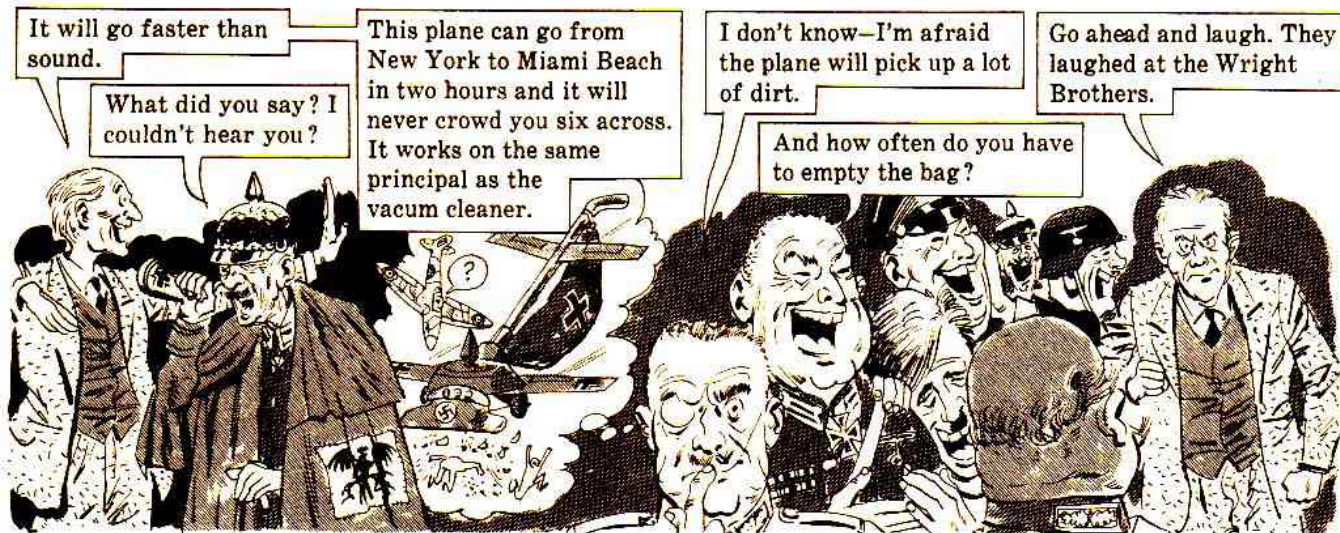
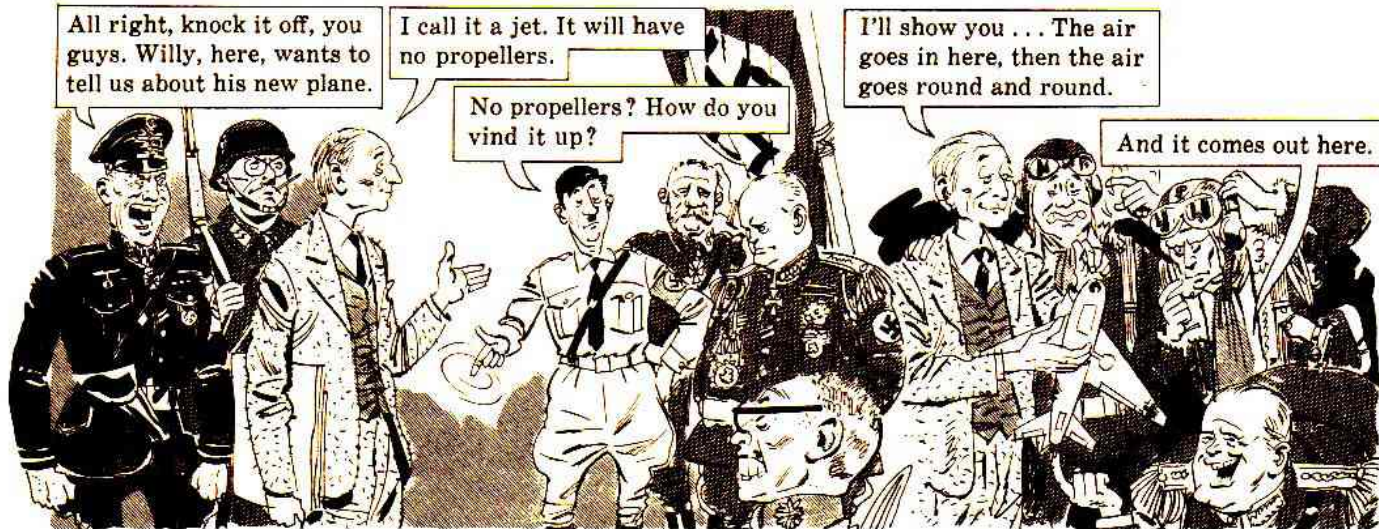
Soon, we will have a new national hero when we send the first man to the moon. He'll be a married man. We don't know when the first trip to the moon will be made, but we can tell you what the astronaut's wife will say to him before he takes off. Her exact words will be: *"Call me when you get there."*



SPEAKING OF HITLER...

PROFESSOR WILLY BUILDING PLANES AGAIN

FRANKFURT—Wilhelm Messerschmitt has built a plane that makes a vertical takeoff. He declares when he introduced the first jet to the German High Command he was laughed at.



THE ETHIOPIAN

AN HISTORICAL FACT: Emperor Haile Selassie had a one-plane, one-pilot air force during the Ethiopian War against Italy. The air force consisted of a Commander-In-Chief and one pilot. Can you just imagine the scene when the "air force" was called in for a briefing?

SCENE: Briefing room. Commander enters. Pilot salutes.

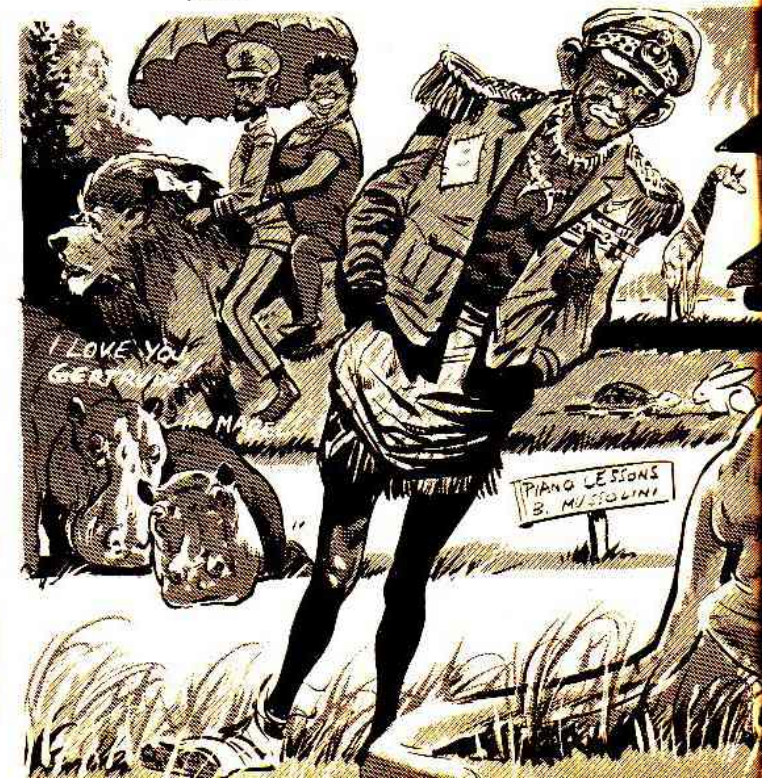
COMMANDER: At ease, Atwater. I have here orders for your first mission—you are to fly to Rome.

ATWATER: I'm going to bomb Rome?

COMMANDER: Of course not—this is a commercial flight. You are picking up our Ambassador and flying him home. Be careful not to engage any enemy planes, or fire on enemy installations or trains. That's on the way up. On the way back inflict as much damage as you can. The Italian air force numbers 30,000 planes. You'll be outnumbered 30,000 to one. You've only got one hope—to hit them while they're on the ground. Any questions?

ATWATER: Why was I made the pilot and you the commander of this air force?

COMMANDER: That's very simple—I can't fly. I'm glad you brought it up—One of your duties will be to teach another pilot to fly. That's in case the Italians get you and not the plane.



IAN AIR FORCE

ATWATER: What happens if the plane catches fire and I parachute out?

COMMANDER: Good question, but let me ask you this—where are you going to get a parachute? Your orders are to go down with the plane so you can send up flares and direct our search parties. This is the only plane we've got, we don't want to lose it.

ATWATER: I should have joined the armoured division.

COMMANDER: You can't. We only have one tank and it's filled. There are 23 Ethiopians inside that tank... Haile Selassie is one of them. What are you kicking about? You'll be the ace of the Ethiopian air force. The eyes of 3 million Ethiopians are on you—not to mention the eyes of 30,000 Italian fighter pilots.

ATWATER: I wish I had a wing man.

COMMANDER: I wish you had a wing... The plane is not in top condition—it vibrates at certain speeds.

ATWATER: What happens at high altitudes?

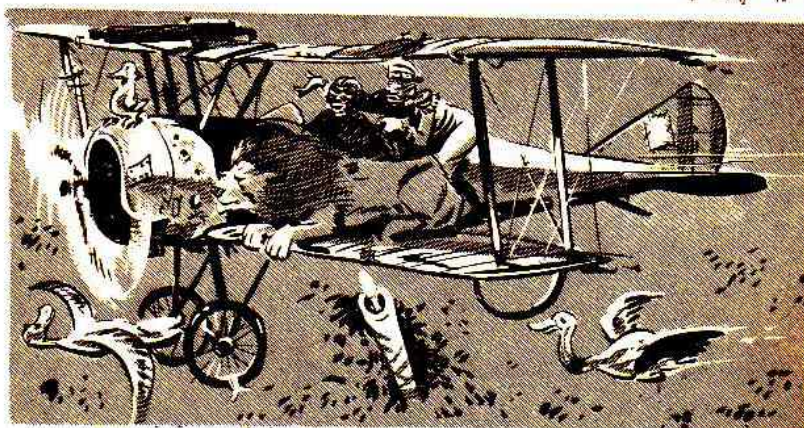
COMMANDER: Its nose bleeds.

ATWATER: Where do I take off from?

COMMANDER: You take off from the tennis court behind Haile Selassie's estate—we took the net down.

ATWATER: Boy, it's a long trip from here to Rome.

COMMANDER: What do you want us to do—we only have one plane—you expect us to build you an aircraft carrier?



ATWATER: By the way, how big is our navy?

COMMANDER: You're it. Over water you pull up your wheels and you're a seaplane. If you're shot down over water, you're a torpedo boat. By the way, on the way to Rome, I have a letter I want you to drop over Naples.

ATWATER: Why don't I drop leaflets—they're good propaganda?

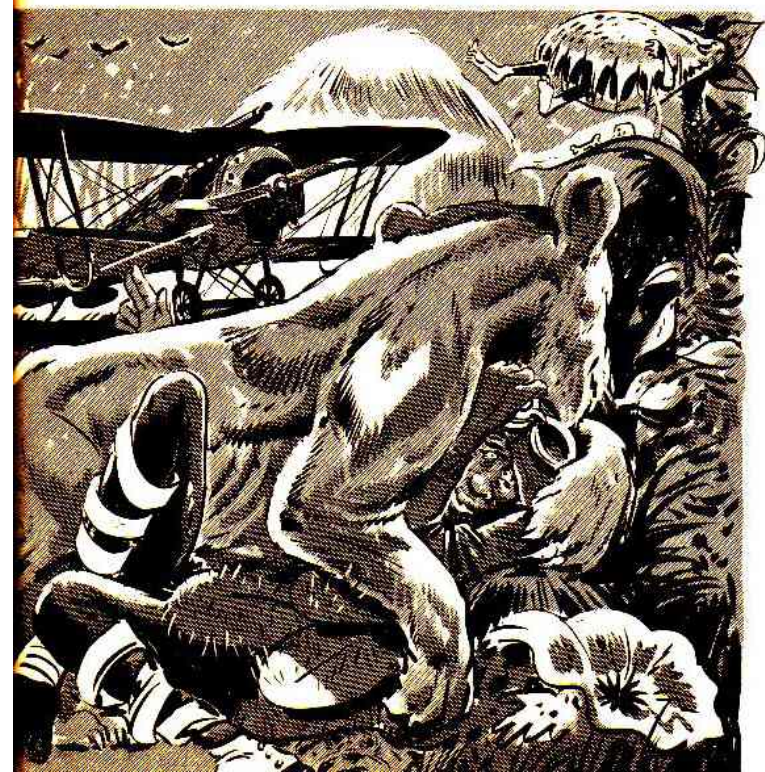
COMMANDER: We thought of that, but they'd have to be printed in Ethiopian. No one in Italy understands Ethiopian. In fact, no one in Ethiopia understands Ethiopian—it's that kind of language. One other thing, when you fly in formation over Emperor Selassie's house, fly low—so you'll sound like a squadron.

ATWATER: You mean he doesn't know we've only got one plane?

COMMANDER: Of course, not—if he did, he'd never leave the tank.

COMMANDER: As a one-man air force, your job will be to harass enemy shipping, bombard large enemy cities, cut enemy supply lines, supply air cover for our ground troops and you'll write and star in our performance of "Winged Victory"... It's a big morale builder. And, speaking of morale, the Emperor brought a letter to my attention complaining of conditions in the Ethiopian air force. Would you know who wrote that letter?

ATWATER: Maybe it was an Italian pilot.



AN INTERVIEW WITH JOHN WILKES BOOTH

SCENE: TV Studio, Moderator speaks to audience.

EMCEE: Hi, it's Sunday afternoon, some five hours from prime time and NBC-TV presents "Let's Look at Literature." Our book today is "LINCOLN—THE LATER YEARS." Our guest in the studio is Mr. John Wilkes Booth. Mr. Booth, why did you shoot Lincoln?

BOOTH: People always ask me that. It was because of his wife—I wanted to marry Mary Todd Lincoln. She was going to ask Lincoln for a divorce, but she kept putting it off. "Wait until he emancipates the slaves," she'd tell me. "Wait until he wins the Civil War." "Wait until he reconstructs the South." Finally, I thought she was just stalling me. I couldn't wait any longer.

EMCEE: So you shot Lincoln at the Ford Theater. Why at the theater?

BOOTH: Because the theater had been my whole life. I had wanted to get him earlier at Gettysburg.

EMCEE: Why Gettysburg?

BOOTH: It was a cemetery. It would have saved him a trip.

EMCEE: Did you ever meet Lincoln?

BOOTH: Yes, when I had my first big role in a play. I was so nervous, I forgot all my lines. I just stood on stage mumbling to myself. It was a nightmare. Mary Todd — Mrs. Lincoln — brought the President backstage. He tried to cheer me up.

EMCEE: What did the Great Emancipator say to you?

BOOTH: He said: "You stink."

EMCEE: That cheered you up?

BOOTH: It was the way he said it.

EMCEE: Did you hate Lincoln?

BOOTH: No, I loved him.

EMCEE: Why did you kill him?

BOOTH: Every man kills the thing he loves. Some with a word, some with a kiss, I did it with a .38 Derringer Automatic.

EMCEE: Do you think Lincoln would forgive you for assassinating him?

BOOTH: Well, I think if he had lived through it, he would forgive me. I don't think Lincoln would hold a grudge. Carl Sandburg would never forgive me. If Lincoln had lived three more years, Sandburg could have written another book.

EMCEE: That night at the Ford Theater, how come the secret service guard wasn't at the door of the President's box?

BOOTH: I told him he was wanted on the telephone.

EMCEE: And he believed you? That's surprising!

BOOTH: It is, particularly since the telephone hadn't been invented yet.

EMCEE: After you shot Lincoln, you jumped on stage and shouted: "So, to all tyrants."

BOOTH: No, that wasn't what I said. I turned to the audience and said: "Tonight, the part of the President will be played by Andrew Johnson."



EMCEE: Did your assassination of Lincoln affect your stage career?

BOOTH: It did, surprisingly enough. I found it tough getting roles. I think I was—if you'll pardon the expression—black listed. Whenever I did appear in a play, there was a rush for orchestra seats.

EMCEE: Why didn't you do summer stock.

BOOTH: No, I wouldn't work in a barn.

EMCEE: Is it true you believed in spiritualism?

BOOTH: Yes. A week before I shot Lincoln I went to a gypsy fortune teller. She told me a tall, dark man would come into my life. Then, she said: "The world is just a stage and we are all merely players on it."

EMCEE: That was William Shakespeare.

BOOTH: No, I'm sure it was a gypsy fortune teller.

EMCEE: Why did you leave the theater by the stage entrance?

BOOTH: I couldn't risk being caught. I didn't have a permit for the gun.

EMCEE: Later, you hid in a barn and someone set fire to the barn.

BOOTH: That was me.

EMCEE: You were burned to the ground.

BOOTH: No, that was the barn. I got severe burns but I lived through it.

EMCEE: Your father was an actor. Your brother, Edwin Booth, was named after your father.

BOOTH: That's right and my father named me "John," after our toilet.

EMCEE: You were jealous of your brother.

BOOTH: I tried shooting him at the Haymarket riot in Chicago. The shot went wild and hit President Garfield.

EMCEE: You killed President Garfield?

BOOTH: That was me.

EMCEE: You killed two United States Presidents?

BOOTH: Three. McKinley, too.

EMCEE: But Leon Czolgosz, a political fanatic, admitted shooting President McKinley.

BOOTH: Are you going to take the word of a political fanatic?

EMCEE: Do you love your country?

BOOTH: Yes. America is the land of opportunity. A land where every boy can grow up to be President or to get a President. I got three.

EMCEE: What are you doing now?

BOOTH: I'm writing my autobiography about my life in the theater.

EMCEE: What are you calling it?

BOOTH: "Why I Left The Stage."



EDISON DISCOVERS THE TELEPHONE

Scene is Menlo Park. Thomas Alva Edison is at work in his laboratory. He calls out to his wife.

Martha, Martha, come here! Look what I discovered!

What is it today, Tom? Oh, it's lovely... what does it do?

Watch.

Wonderful. What do you call it?

I haven't made up my mind.

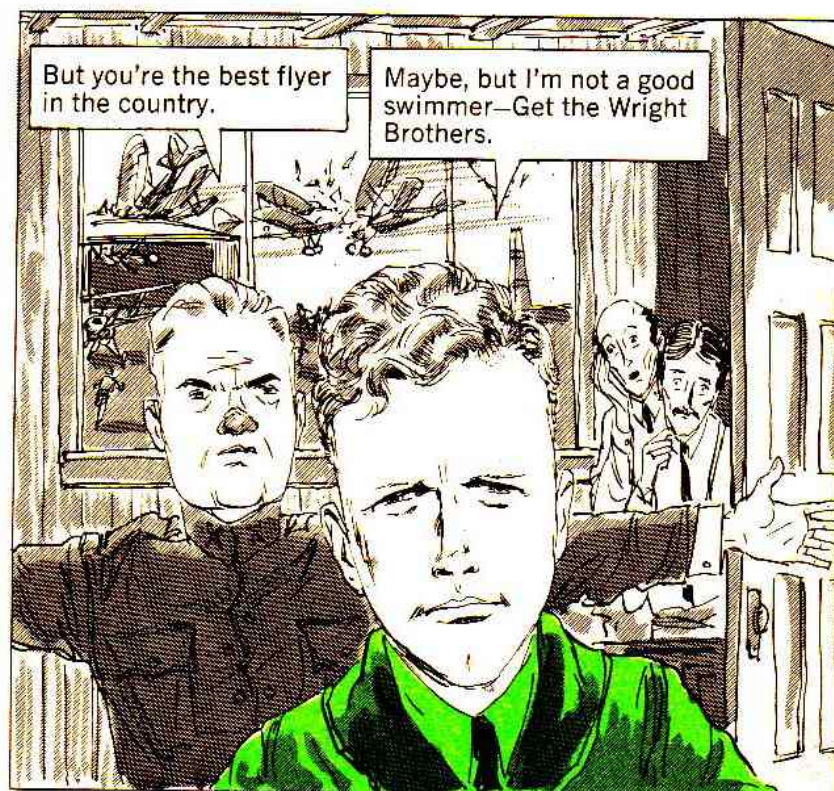
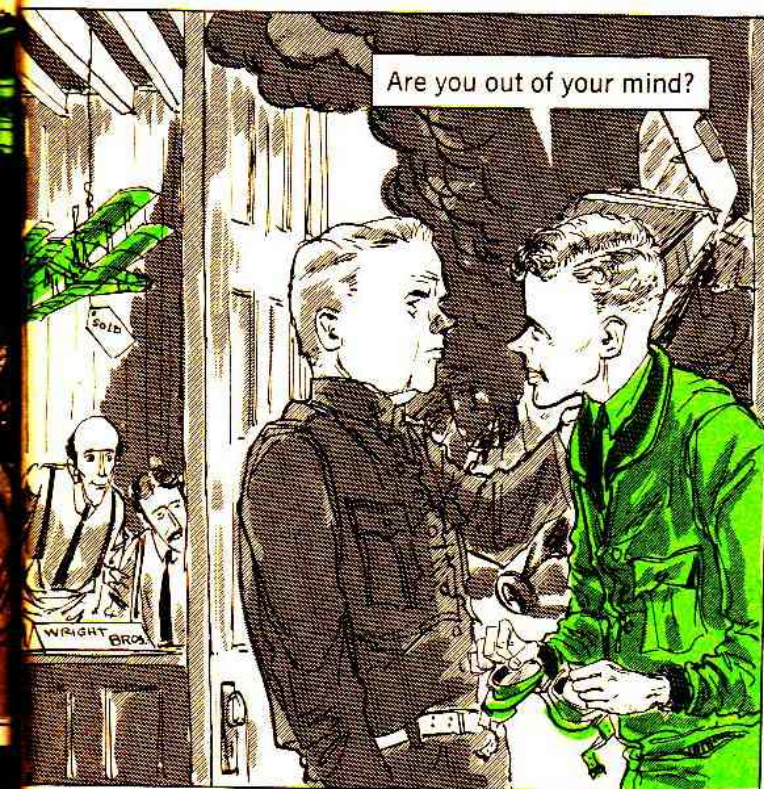
Why don't you call it the telephone.

Good idea—I'll call the newspapers right now. Where did I put that invention Alexander Graham Bell sent me?

You mean the electric light bulb? It's on the dining room table.

LINDBERGH CROSSES THE ATLANTIC

The scene is the Air Force Colonel's office. Young Charles Lindbergh has just entered. The Colonel speaks: "Lindbergh, we need a man to fly non-stop across the Atlantic Ocean."



WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL

Actually, George Washington gave two farewells to his troops. The first was during the winter at Valley Forge, and no one took him seriously.

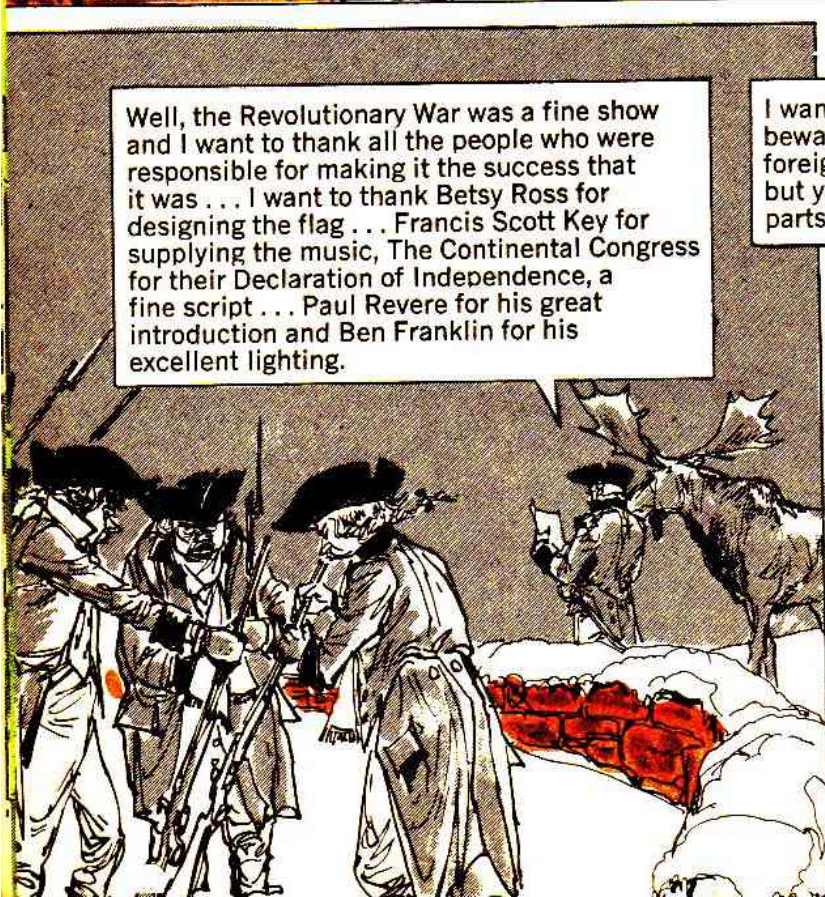
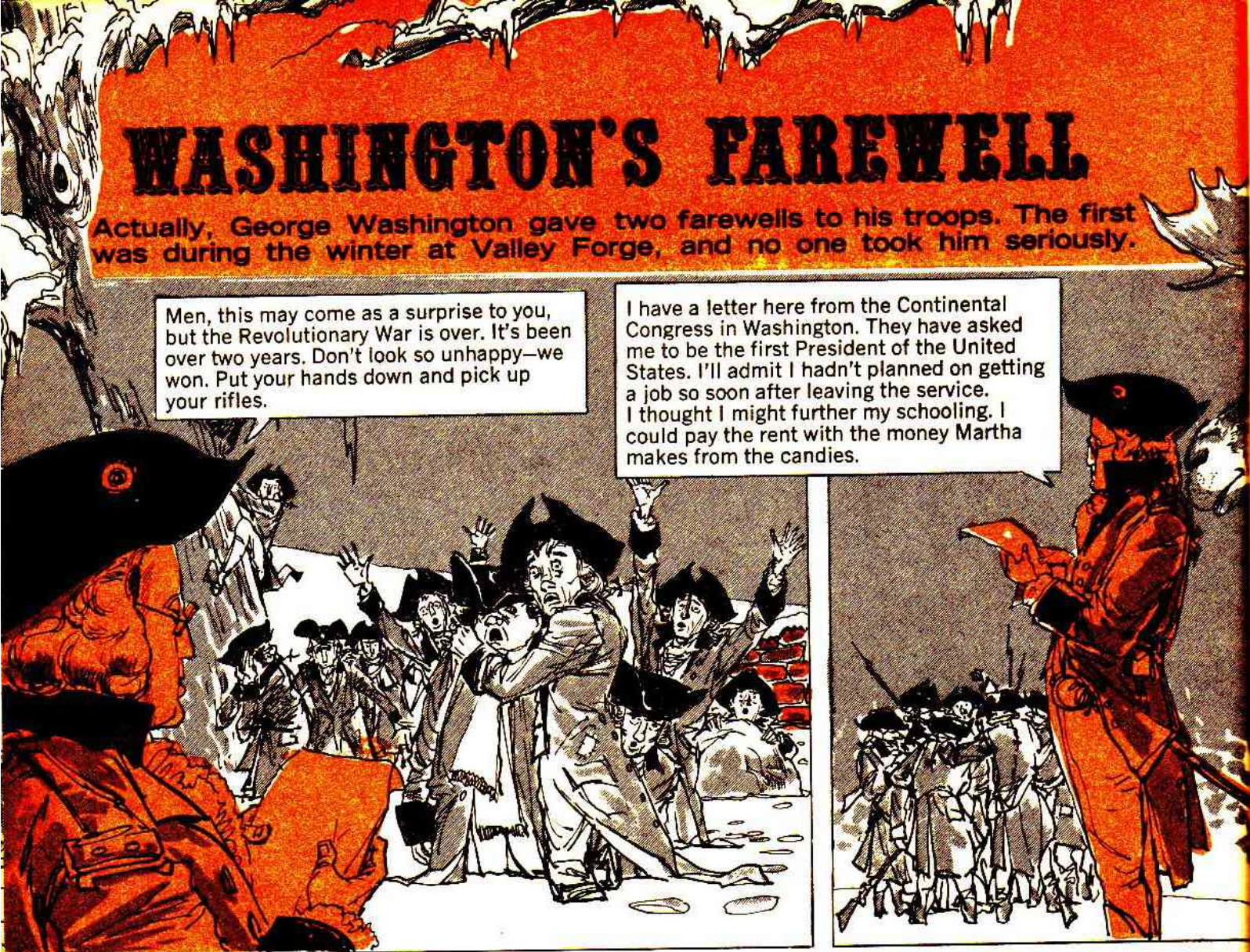
Men, this may come as a surprise to you, but the Revolutionary War is over. It's been over two years. Don't look so unhappy—we won. Put your hands down and pick up your rifles.

I have a letter here from the Continental Congress in Washington. They have asked me to be the first President of the United States. I'll admit I hadn't planned on getting a job so soon after leaving the service. I thought I might further my schooling. I could pay the rent with the money Martha makes from the candies.

Well, the Revolutionary War was a fine show and I want to thank all the people who were responsible for making it the success that it was . . . I want to thank Betsy Ross for designing the flag . . . Francis Scott Key for supplying the music, The Continental Congress for their Declaration of Independence, a fine script . . . Paul Revere for his great introduction and Ben Franklin for his excellent lighting.

I want to leave you with this thought—beware of foreign pacts and beware of foreign compacts. They don't use much gas, but you'll have a hell of a time getting parts for them.

Before I close, I want to say a word about Benedict Arnold—**TRAITOR!!!!**



SICK recognizes the need for more educational information between its covers since many students are reading the magazine in preference to their own textbooks. This situation could lead to a very illiterate electorate in future years. Here then, is a SICK . . .

History Lesson

DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Balboa and his group of adventurers trek through the swamps and underbrush and come upon a large body of water. Balboa's guide speaks:



GENERAL MACARTHUR'S RETURN TO CORREGIDOR

All right, ready with the cameras. Start the simulated gunfire. Good, now bring the PT boat into the cove. All right, General, make your appearance. Good. Now, ready to make your return, wait a minute, sir. CUT!

The director is waiting on the beach at Corregidor as the General's PT boat comes into view. He shouts instructions to the cameramen set up on the beach:



General, would you mind removing the sunglasses? They hide your face. Yes, I know the sun is shining right in your eyes, but I'd rather have you squinting, then hide your face. Thank you.

All right, MacArthur's Return, take two. Cameras. Action. Bring the PT boat into view. Good. Make your appearance, General. Wonderful. Don't shade your eyes, sir. It is bright, sir, but if you shade your eyes, it looks like you're saluting. All right, bring the boat to the beach.



What are you doing, General. He's not going to try to walk ashore! General, that water is eight feet deep! — General! Stop him! CUT!

All right get the net and fish him out. Then, we'll put him back in the PT boat and start from scratch.



HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS

Please turn back . . . the elephants are exhausted.

No, I can't turn back. I promised the elephants we'd cross the Alps.

Ed Morey

Hannibal's army is high up in the Alps when an aide confronts the general:

But we'll turn around and go back the way we came and tell the elephants we made the entire trip.

No, I promised the elephants.

They wouldn't know.

Yes, they would—elephants never forget.

But, sir, the snow drifts are fourteen feet high and another blizzard is expected momentarily.

We can't turn back. We'll have to camp here and wait for summer.

But, General, this is summer.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE



Boy, it's cold
... Do you see
anything yet?

No, Paul ...
Here, have a
belt of this ...

Paul Revere and his neighbor wait for the signal that will set the Revolutionary War in motion.

Gee, that's
good ... What
is that signal
again—Two if
by land, three
if by sea?

That's it ...
Gee, it's cold
... see
anything yet?



No, let me
have another
swig of that
... Gee, it is
cold.

Here you go.



Boy, that
warms you up
... What is
that signal
again—Three
if by land,
four by sea?

No, Five by
sea, six by land
... Boy, it's
cold.



Do you see
anything yet?

No ... Say,
Paul, maybe
we ought to
go outside?



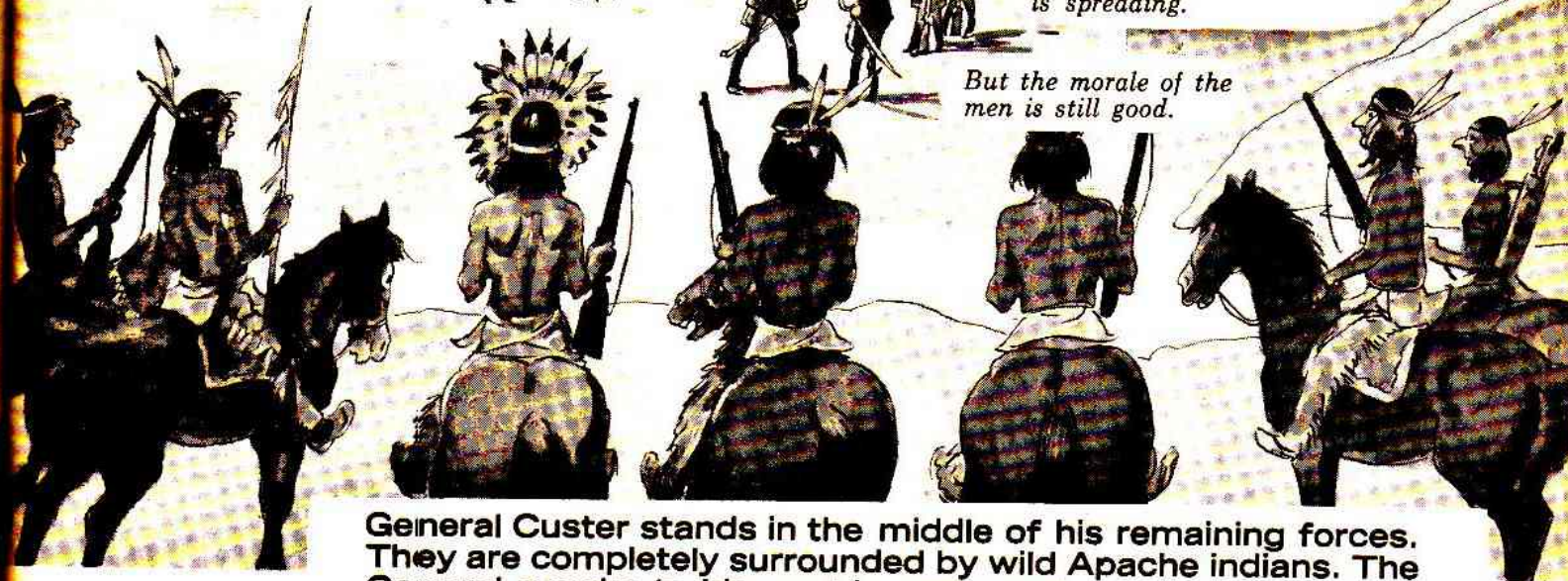
CUSTER'S LAST STAND



Lieutenant, how does the situation look?

Well, sir, we've lost 145 of our troops. We are completely surrounded by Apaches, and we have only five rounds of ammunition left. A pestilence is sweeping our ranks and famine is spreading.

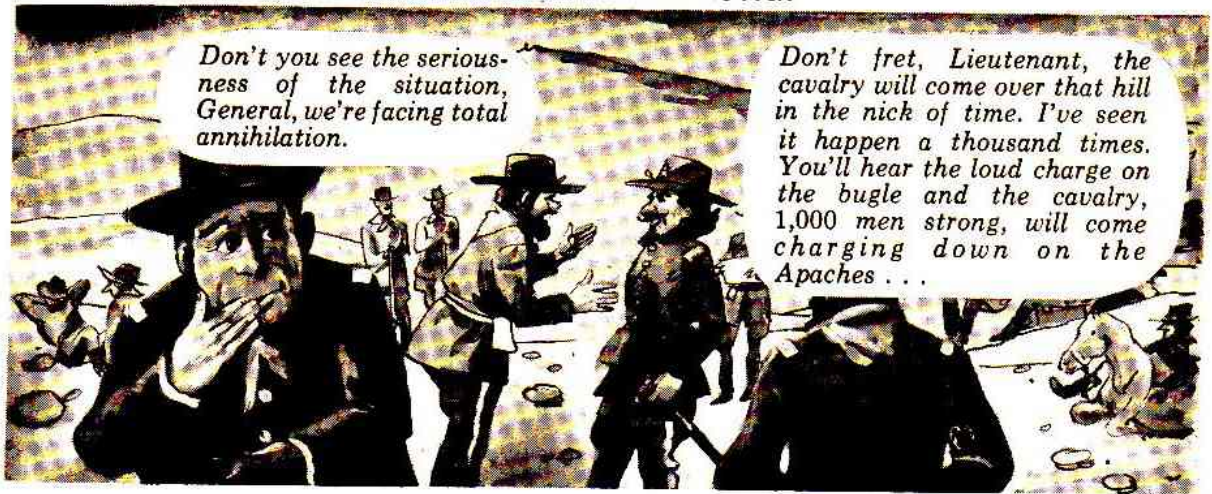
But the morale of the men is still good.



General Custer stands in the middle of his remaining forces. They are completely surrounded by wild Apache Indians. The General speaks to his next in command:

Don't you see the seriousness of the situation, General, we're facing total annihilation.

Don't fret, Lieutenant, the cavalry will come over that hill in the nick of time. I've seen it happen a thousand times. You'll hear the loud charge on the bugle and the cavalry, 1,000 men strong, will come charging down on the Apaches...



By gosh, you're right, sir. There's the sound of the bugle. And there's the cavalry, 1,000 strong, coming over the hill.

There, what did I tell you.

Wait a minute, General.

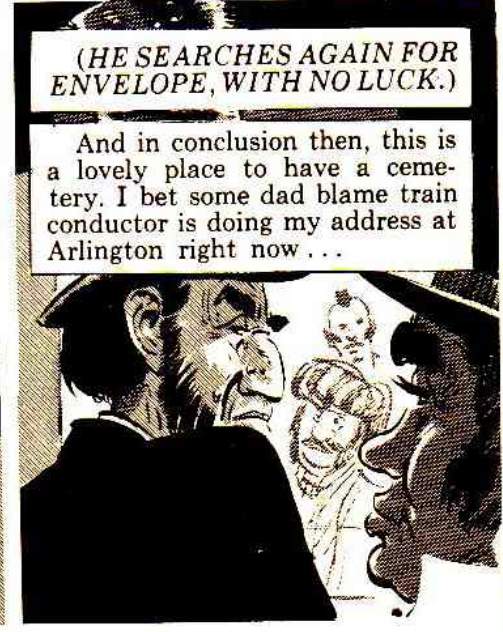
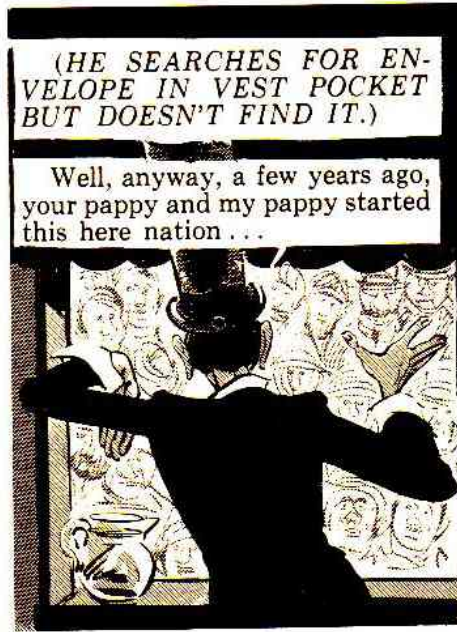
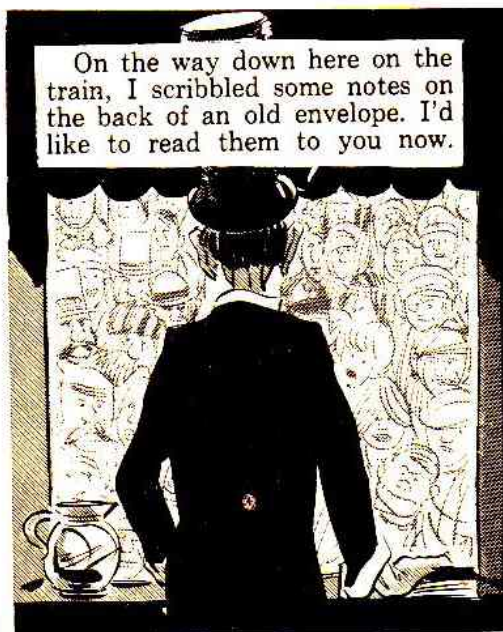
What's wrong?

It's an Apache cavalry.

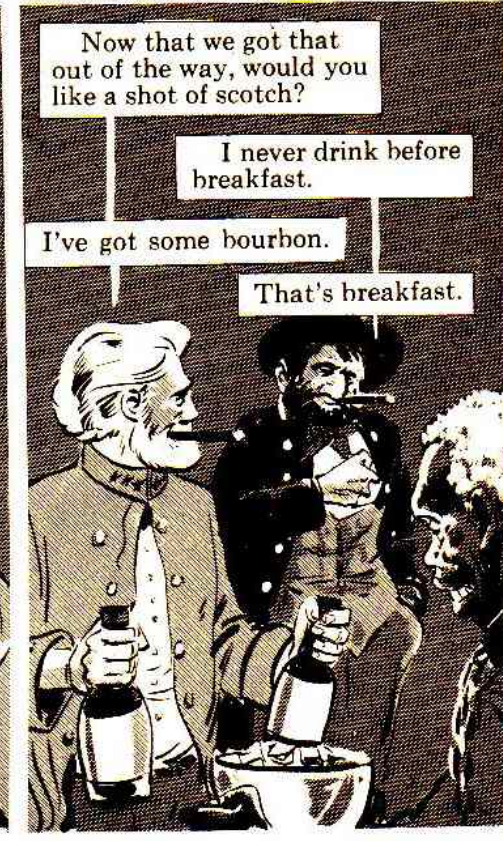
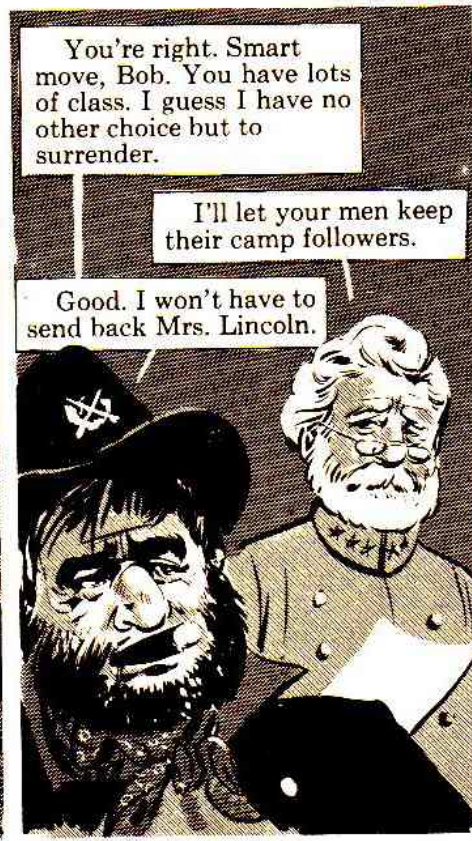


HISTORY QUICKIES

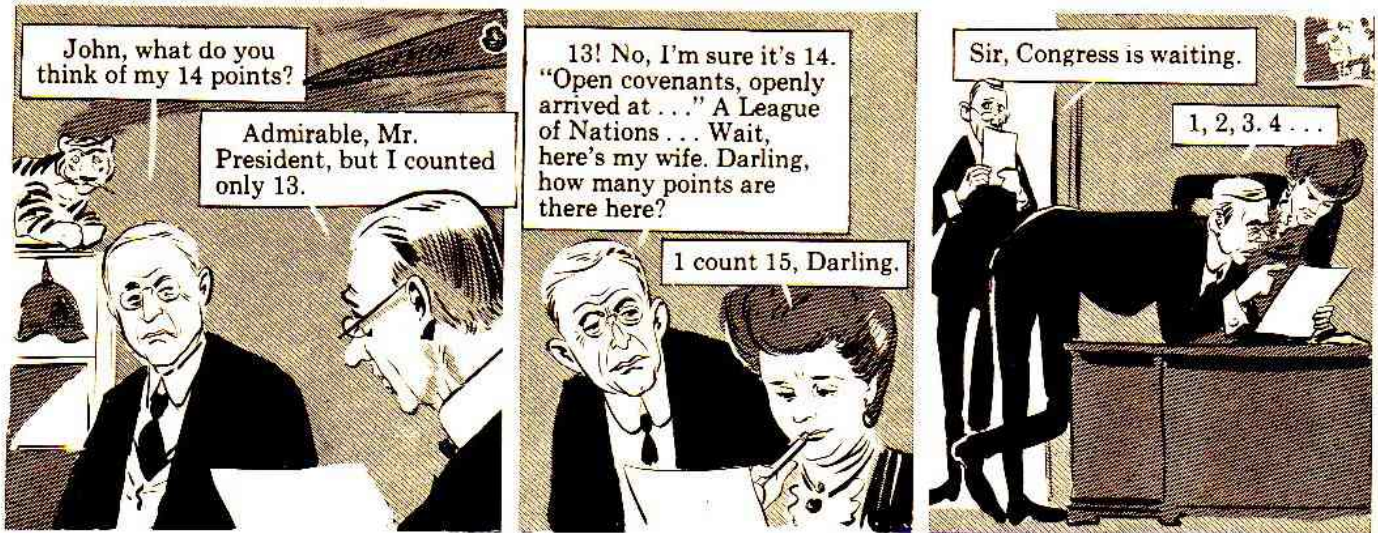
The Year — 1863. The Place — A small cemetery outside of a little town in Pennsylvania called Gettysburg. The Characters — A tall, gaunt man dressed all in black with a stove pipe hat and a shawl. He steps forward to the edge of the platform to address a small gathering:



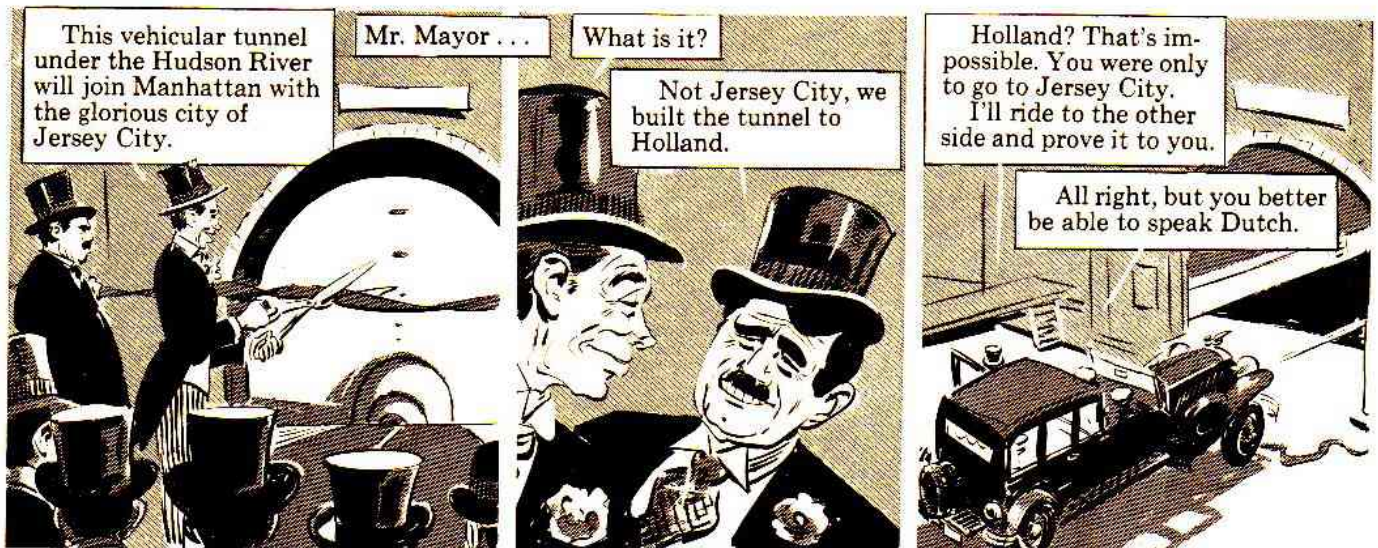
The Year 1865. The Place Appomattox Courthouse. General Grant meets General Lee.



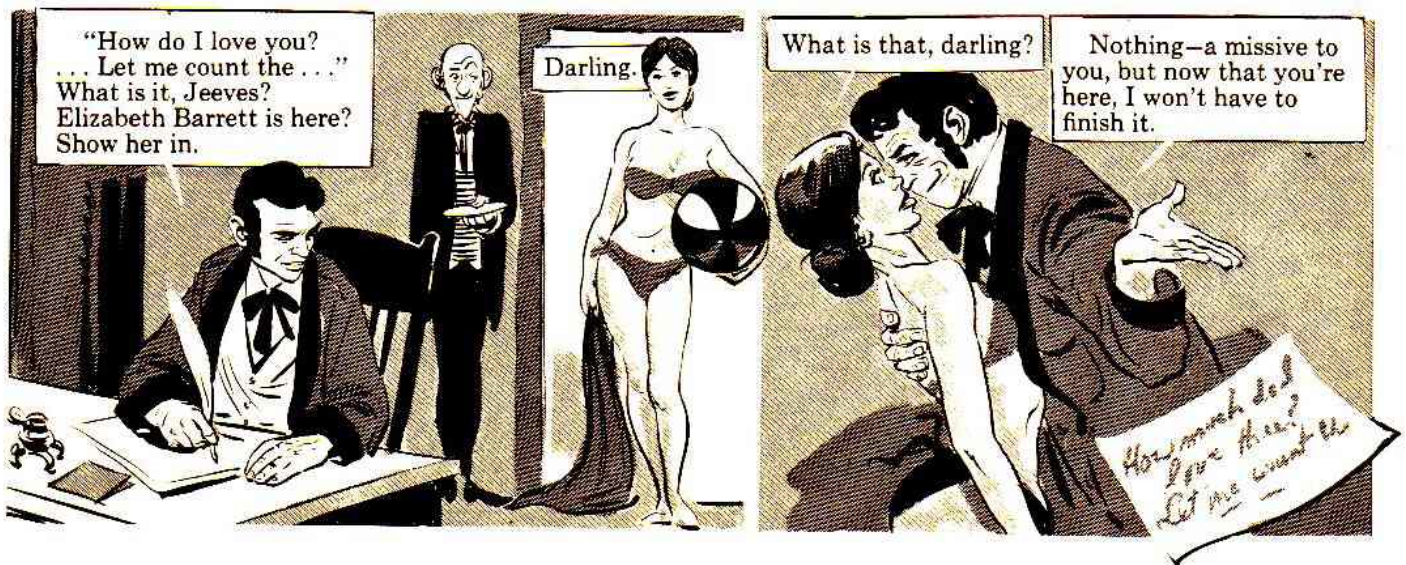
The Year — 1918. The Place — President Wilson's study. President Wilson is preparing to place his 14 points before the Congress. President Wilson speaks to his secretary.



The Year — 1927. The Place — Dedication of the Holland Tunnel. Mayor of New York cuts the ribbon.

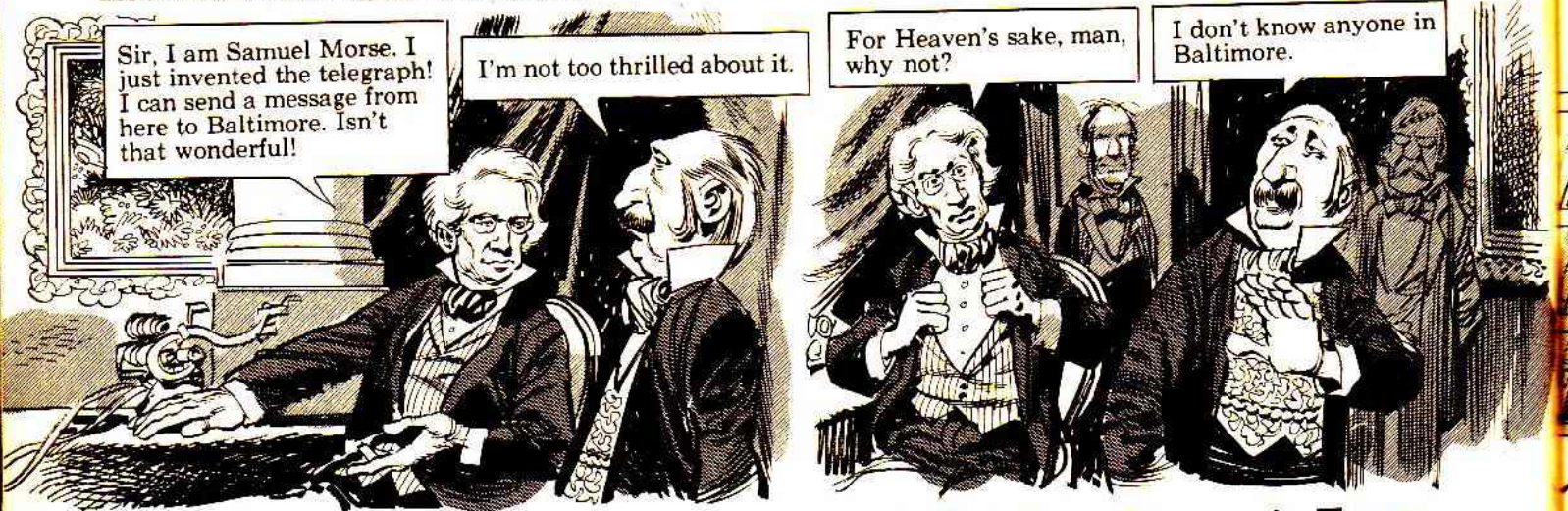


The Year — 1845. The Place — The study of Robert Browning. Browning is composing a poem to his beloved.

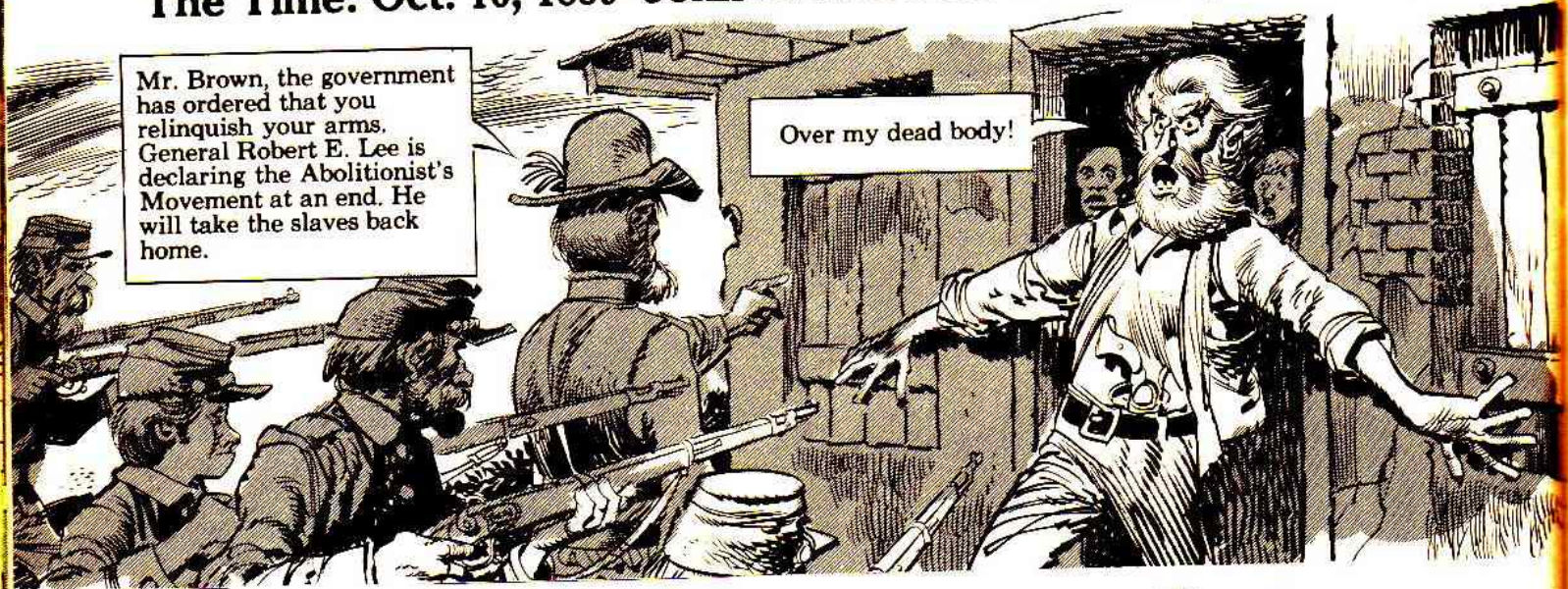


The Year: 1844—Samuel Morse Invents the Morse Telegraph

Scene: U.S. Patents Office, Washington, D.C.

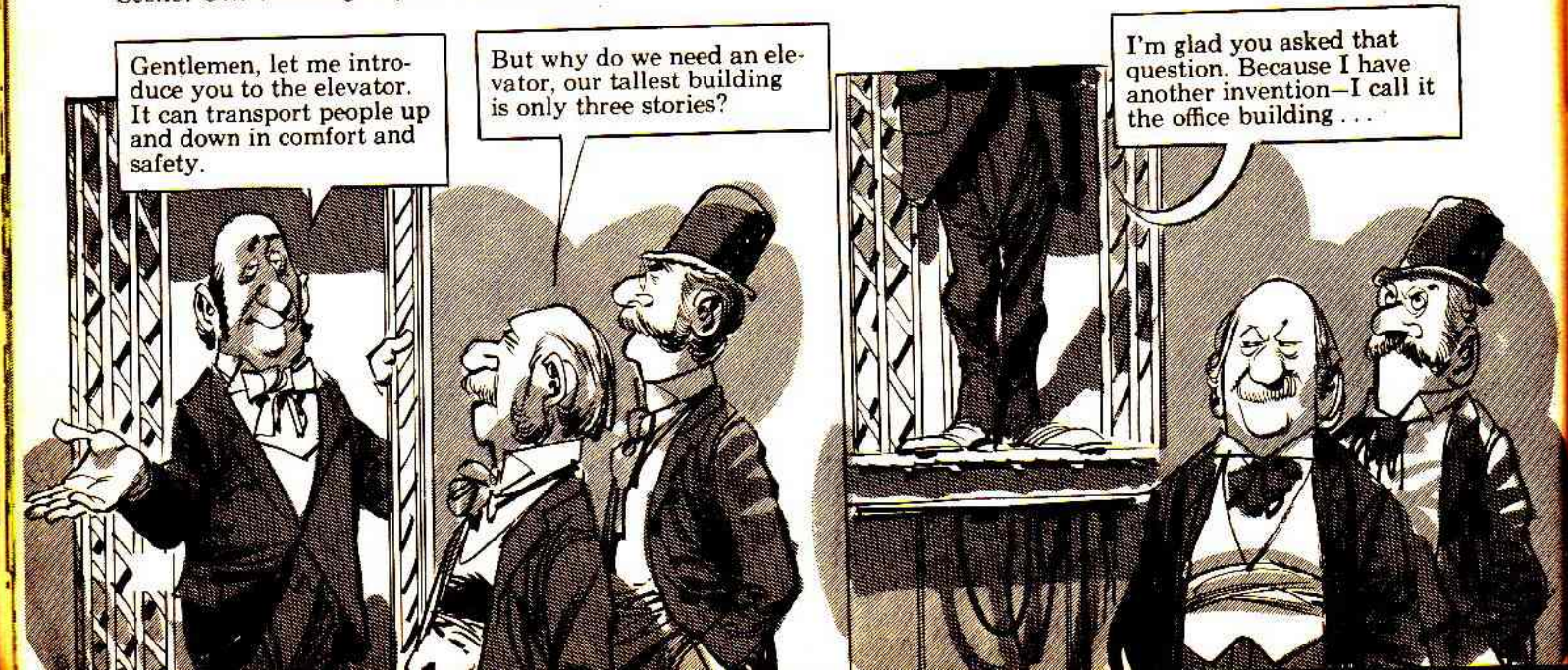


The Time: Oct. 16, 1859—John Brown's Raid on Harper's Ferry

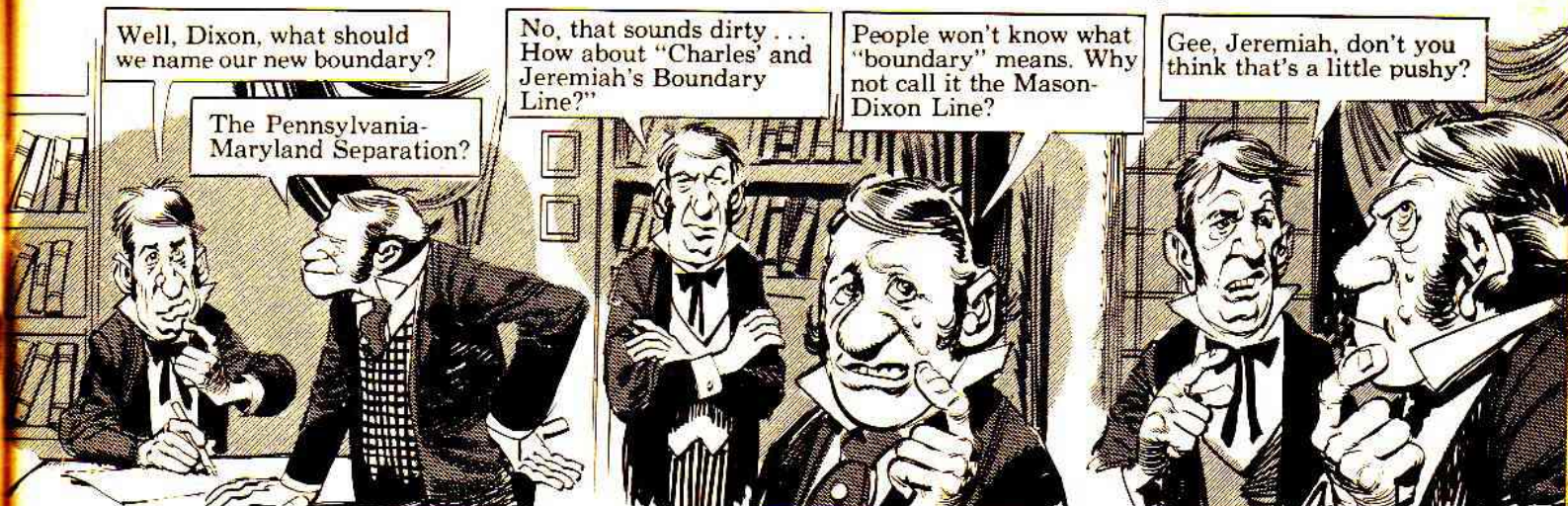


The Year: 1852—E. G. Otis Invents the First Elevator

Scene: Otis standing in front of his elevator.



The Year: 1763—Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon draw boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland

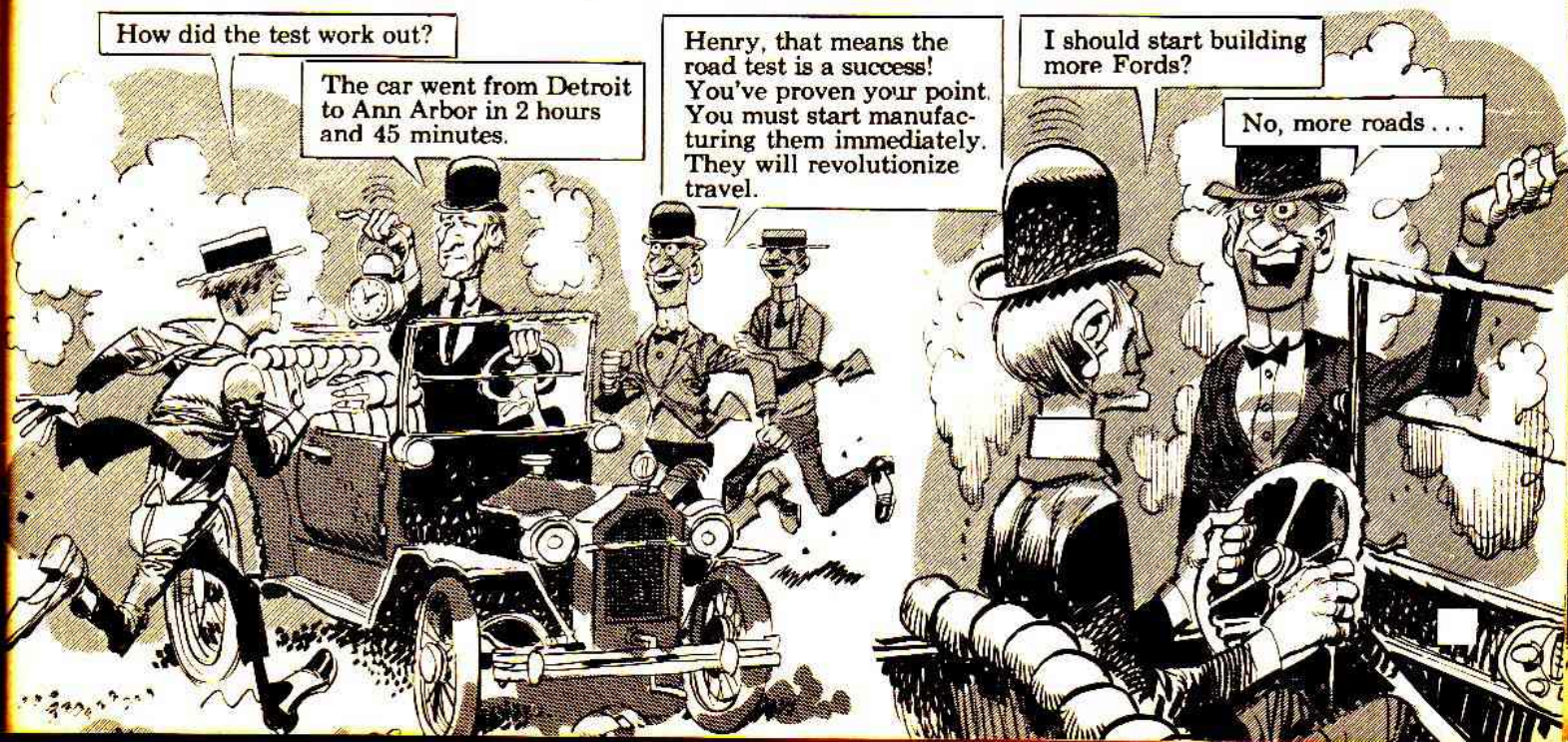


The Year: 1797—The XYZ Affair

French leader, Talleyrand, asks \$240,000 gift from the United States. French agents, called Agents X, Y, Z meet with Benjamin Franklin, U.S. Representative, who is beginning to become senile.



The Year: 1893—Henry Ford's Model-T Gets Its First Road Test



The Year: 1806-Zebulon Pike Discovers Pike's Peak

Mr. Pike, how come you name the peak after yourself?

I wanted to keep it in the family. I promised my son if I discover a mountain I'd name it after him.

What's your son's name?

Rocky ...

Unfortunately, Pike never discovered a mountain in America, but he found one in Israel and named it after a New York hospital ...

The Year: 1616-Peter Minuit Purchases Manhattan Island for \$24

Scene: Peter gives Indian beads.

Are you sure those beads aren't hot? I mean what makes you think he owns those beads?

What makes you think I own Manhattan Island?

The Year: December, 1607-Captain John Smith Marries Pocahontas

Scene: After the wedding.

But, John, where will we live?

We'll go to a hotel.

We can't. You know they won't let us sign the register as Mr. and Mrs. John Smith.

We won't use that name, silly.

What names will we register under?

The Lone Ranger and Tonto.

All right, guys, knock it off. We're at Waterloo. I know what a lot of people have been saying: "Napoleon has met his Waterloo." But I don't intend to become an idiomatic expression. This is the big one, guys; if I lose this one, I go back to bottling the brandy at Elba.

I've already ordered General Blucher to intercept Grouchy's forces at Pascal. And I've dispatched Critten to cut off Steelman's battalion at Forsyte. Whatever the hell that means.

Last night I mingled among the troops in disguise. I heard a lot of the men saying: "Who made Napoleon boss?" I'm boss because I said so! You think it's easy? You think you just stick your hand inside your coat and turn your hat sideways and that makes you boss? I worked to become boss. I was a Corporal in the Army when Robespierre ruled France. I don't know who told Robespierre he was boss.

People say I have big ideas—dreams of glory. I want to rule the known world. Is that too much to ask?

As I was saying, Waterloo is before us. Yes, Ferdinand? Where's the bridge? We'll cross that when we come to it. Yes, I know Robert Taylor and Vivien Leigh... I saw the picture. I wish you wouldn't go for those non-sequitur jokes, Ferdinand.

Now, for strategy. The Duke of Wellington expects us to lead the first attack with our cavalry. I'm going to cross him up. In the first attack on the British lines, I'm going to send in our infantry. Now, wait a minute. They won't get slaughtered. You know why? Because they'll be on horseback. Then, the cavalry will follow on foot.

In the battle I want you all to be gunning for the Duke of Wellington. He's the one with a patch over one eye. You can't miss him, he looks like a shirt ad.

Oh, good, here's Spangler with our intelligence report. Tell us, Spangler, how many British troops are under Wellington's command? How much is "a whole lot," Spangler? How many heavy guns? "Lots and lots." Thanks for your detailed report, Spangler. Now we'll know what to look for.

Ferdinand, I have a job for you. I want you to infiltrate the British lines. Mingle among the British troops and undermine their morale. Ask them—"Who made Wellington boss?"

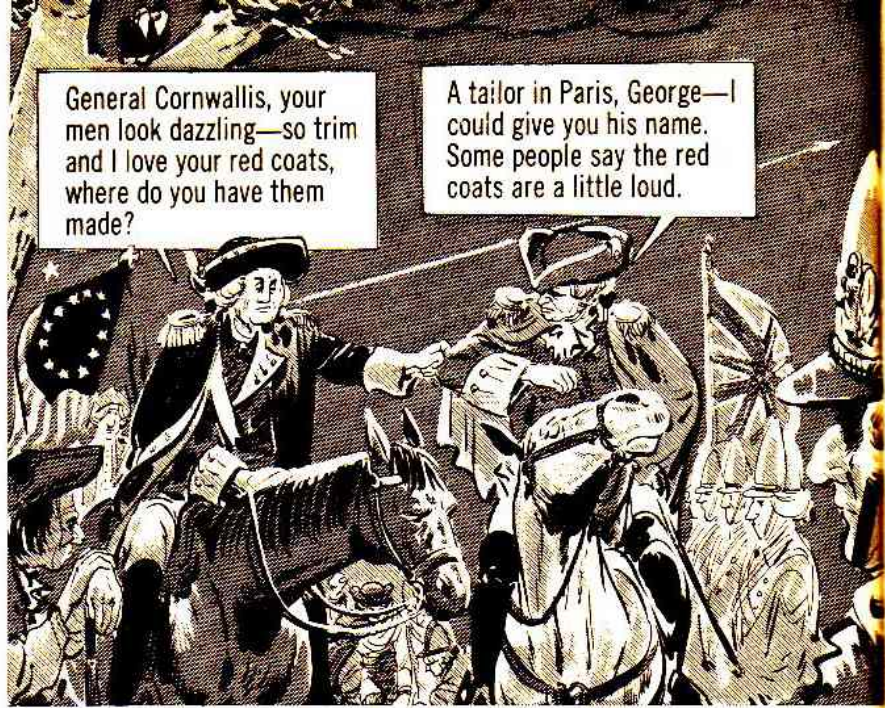


Art by Bob Powell

1781- CORNWALLIS SURRENDERS TO GENERAL WASHINGTON AT YORKTOWN

General Cornwallis, your men look dazzling—so trim and I love your red coats, where do you have them made?

A tailor in Paris, George—I could give you his name. Some people say the red coats are a little loud.



Say, about this war business—

War?



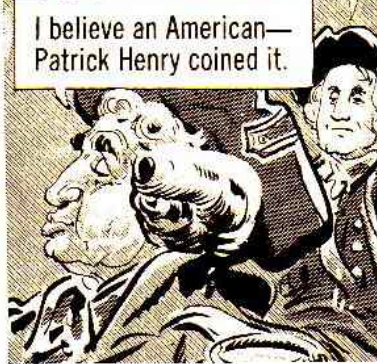
The Revolutionary War. You remember—I know it must be distasteful for you, but we'd like to conclude the thing. Sorry to be so crude.



You need not apologize, my dear Washington. After all, war is hell.

Where'd you hear that?

I believe an American—Patrick Henry coined it.



Sounds like him. I must congratulate you, General, you take defeat very well.

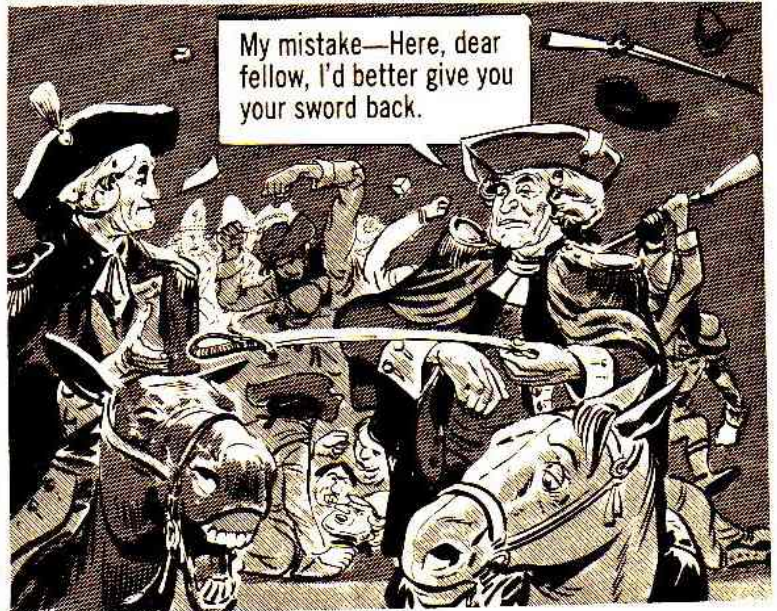


Defeat? I thought we won. Didn't you come here to surrender?

No—we won.

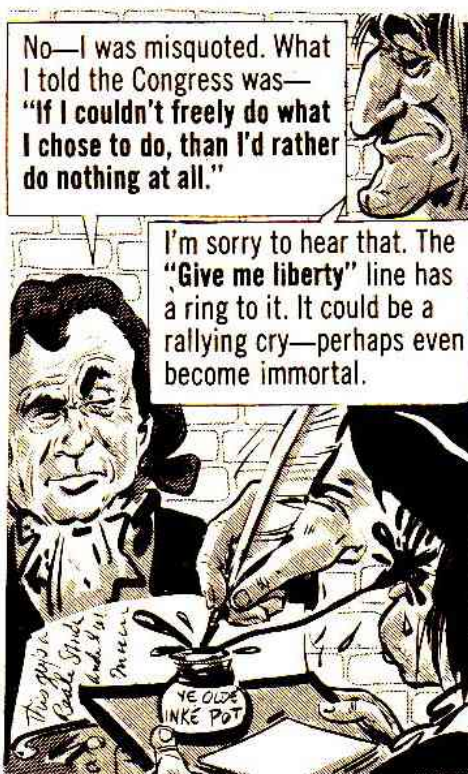
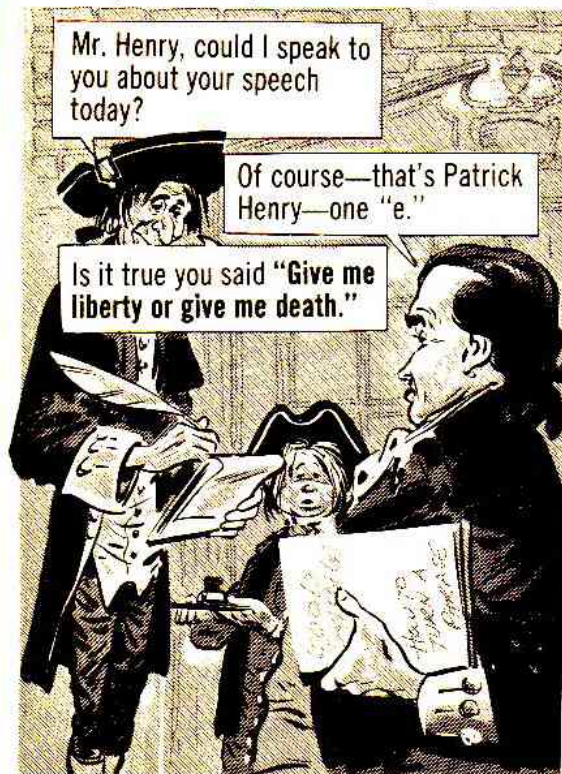


My mistake—Here, dear fellow, I'd better give you your sword back.



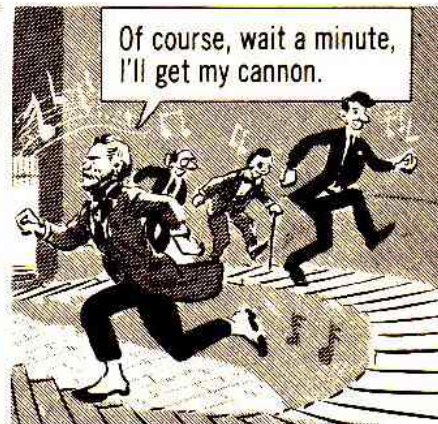
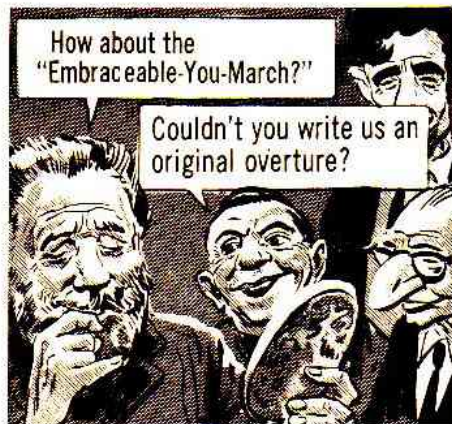
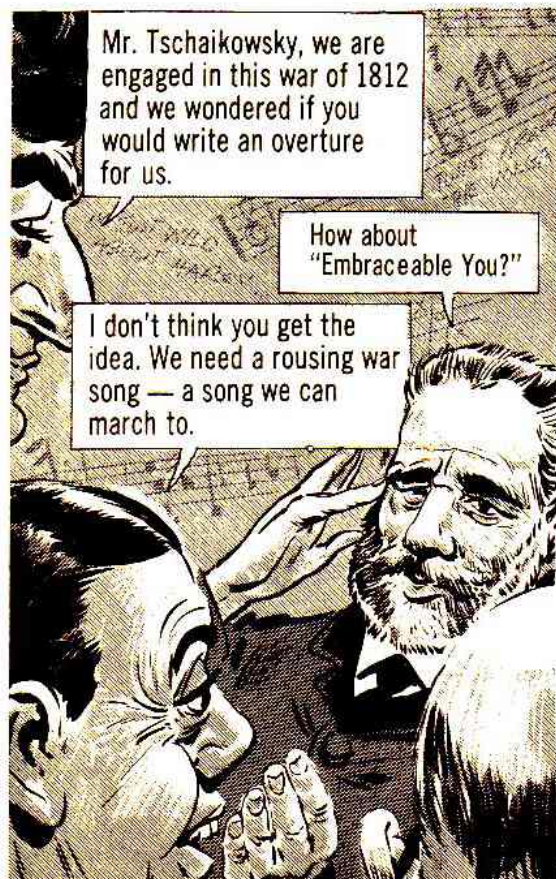
1774-PATRICK HENRY ADDRESSES CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

Reporter stops Mr. Henry outside the meeting rooms.



WAR OF 1812-

Three Americans approach composer Tschaikowsky.



1775-PAUL

Ben Franklin is speaking to Revere in his gun shop.



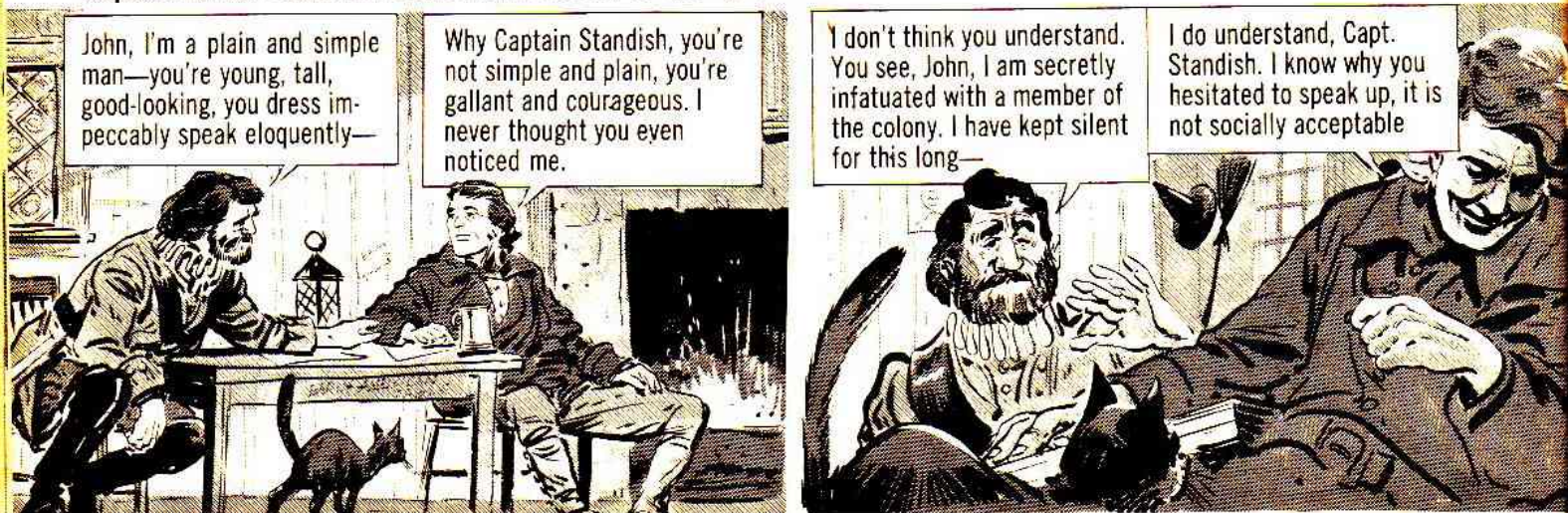
1773-THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

SCENE: British Headquarters—Commandant is questioning "an Indian."

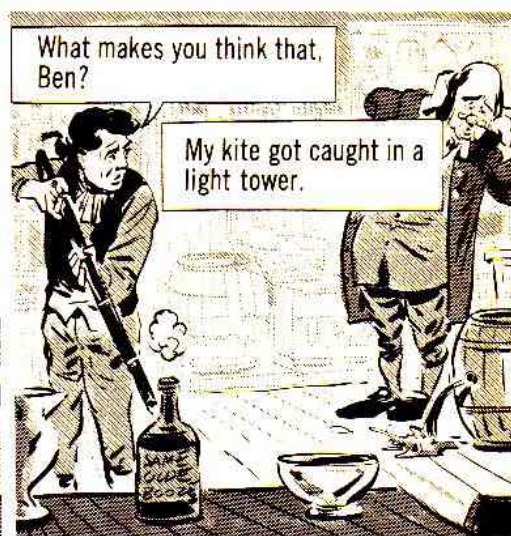
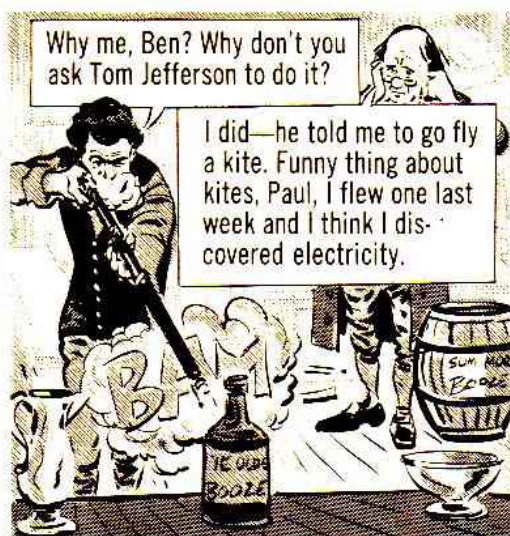


1636-SETTLEMENT OF

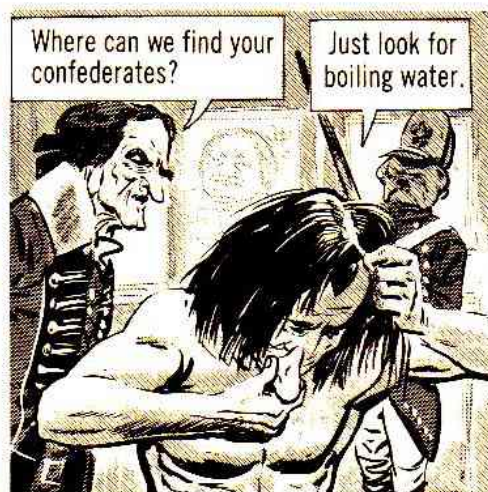
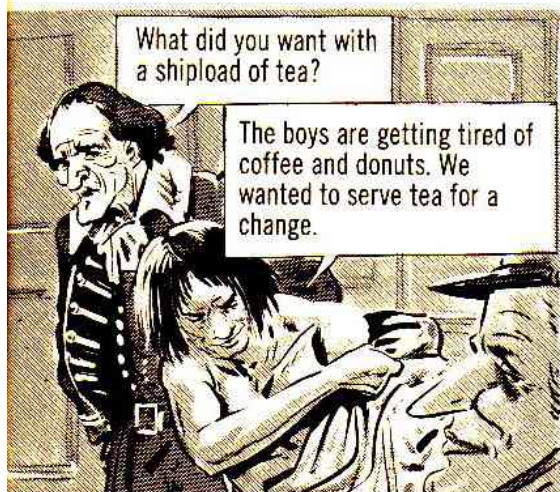
Captain Miles Standish calls John Alden to his quarters.



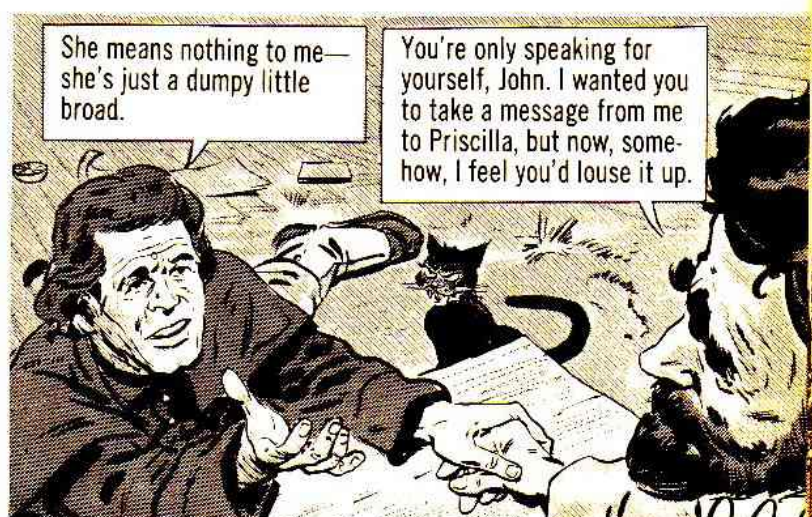
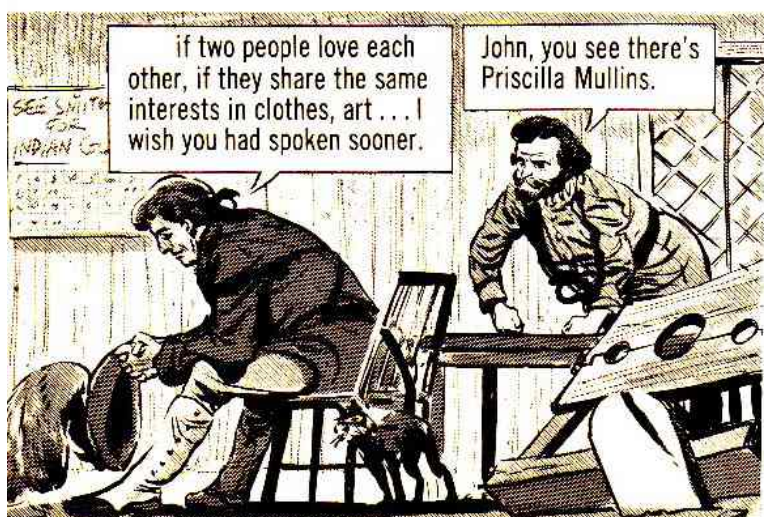
REVERE'S RIDE



849 CHESTS OF TEA DESTROYED



PLYMOUTH COLONY



1776-SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

SCENE: Philadelphia. Sam Adams addresses the Congress.

Guys, before we break up, I have a piece here put together by Tom Jefferson and a few of the fellas. We thought it would be nice if we all signed it before we leave. We'll put it in a glass case and it can serve as sort of a guest list.

Read it, if you get a chance. What's that, Patrick Henry? The world will little note nor long remember what we say here today. Leave it to old Pat to always have the right phrase. Would you all sign it, guys. Mr. Hancock, would you write a little smaller—so as to leave some room for the other guys. What's that? You don't have your glasses?

What's that, Mr. Hamilton, what does "self-evident" mean? Where do you see that? Oh, yea—"We hold these truths to be self-evident." Self-evident is giving you trouble. To tell the truth I don't know what it means. You know how Tom loves big words. He copied it from somewhere—a fraternity initiation I think. Why don't you ask him what it means?

Did everybody sign it? Good, that wraps it up. Where did John Hancock go? He left by the back door? There is no back door—that's a closet. Would somebody run out and fetch Mr. Hancock's glasses.

1804-LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

SCENE: Agent's office.

I want you guys to take the act West.

Look, Mr. Greeley, we're ready for the big New York spots now.

No—I want you to work out of town first. If you can make those Apaches laugh, you're a cinch in New York.

I still think the billing is wrong.

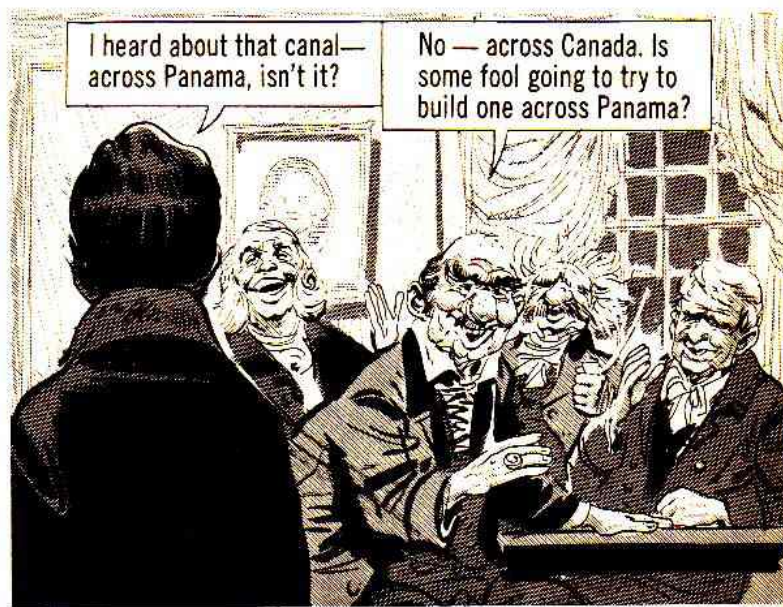
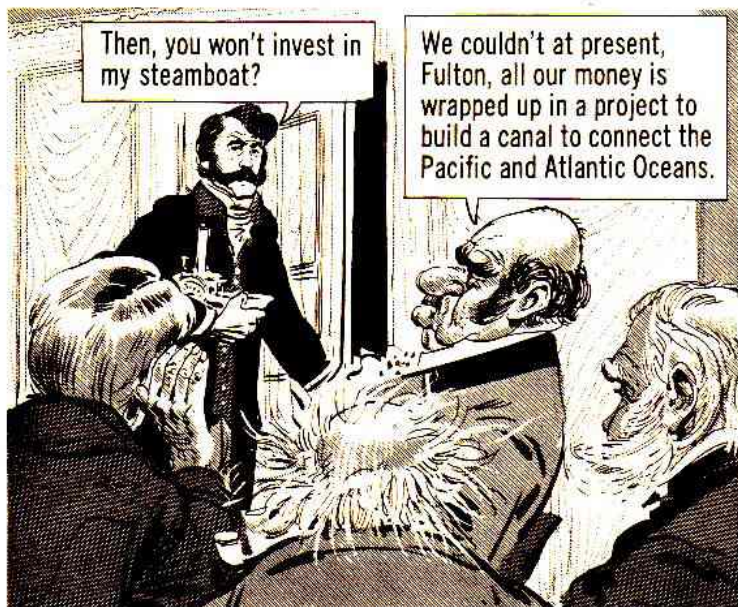
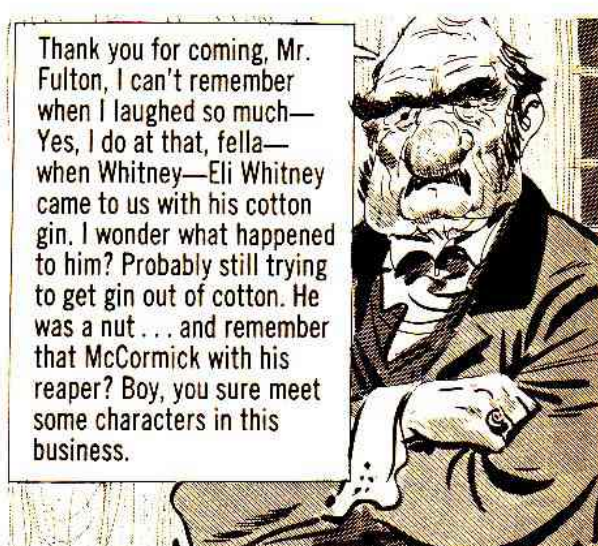
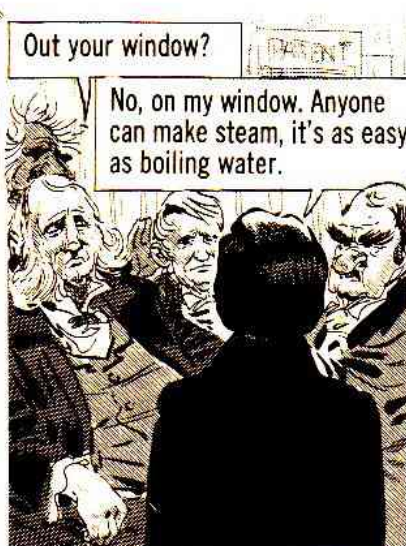
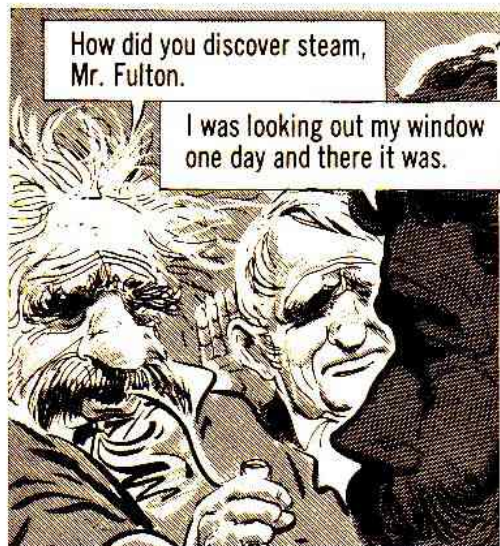
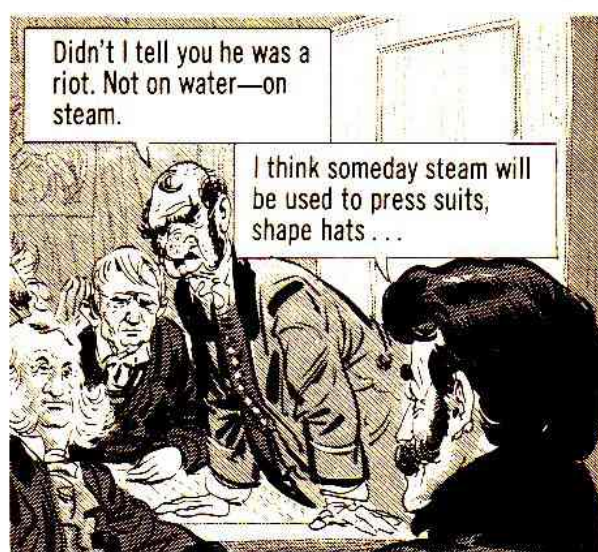
You think it should be Clark and Lewis instead of Lewis and Clark?

Who's Clark? My name is DeRizzo. It should be Lewis and DeRizzo.

Look, DeRizzo, this is show business. One of the Smith Brothers is named Harry Cohen.

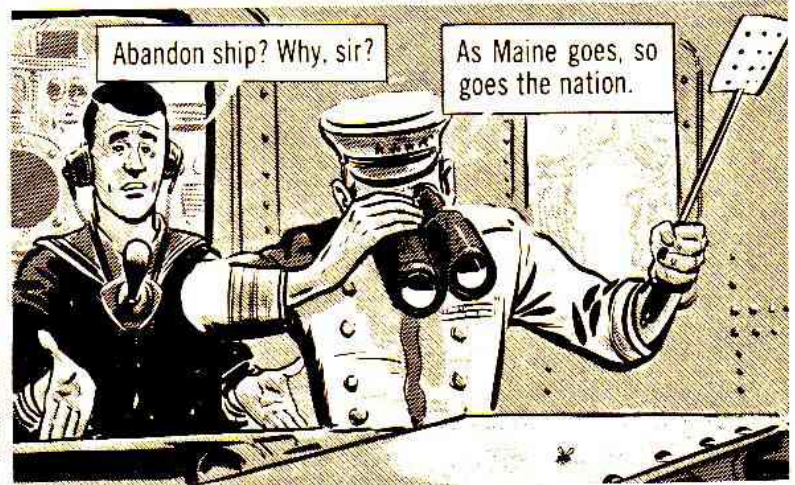
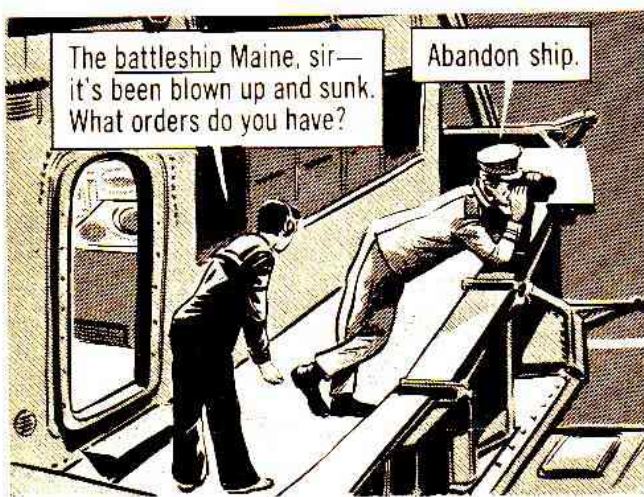
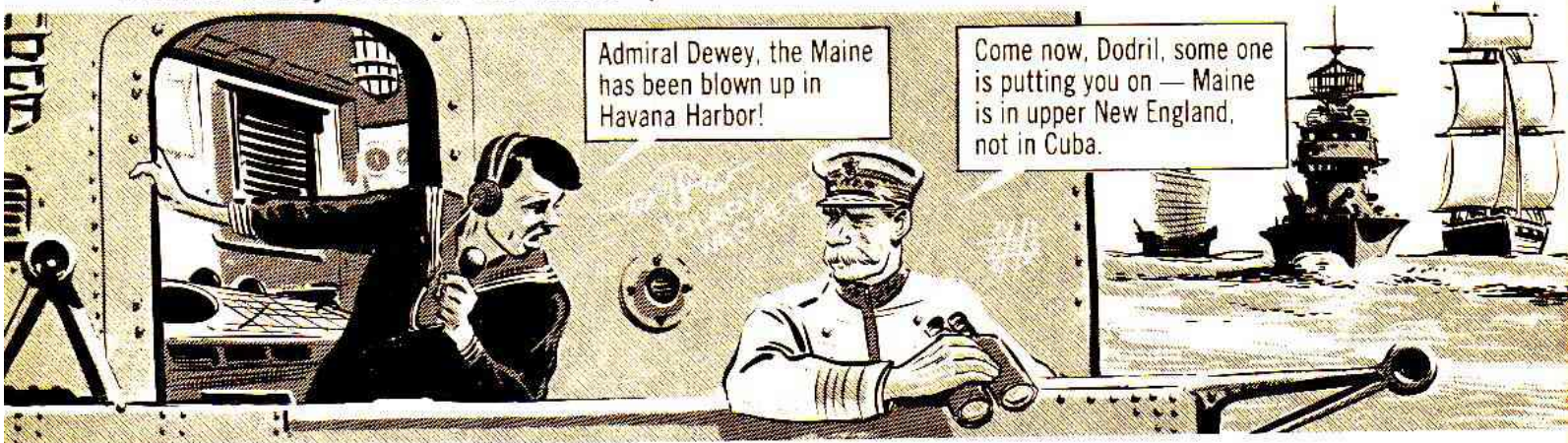
1807-FULTON BUILDS THE STEAMBOAT CLERMONT

SCENE: Office of Inventions, Inc. Chairman of Board speaks.

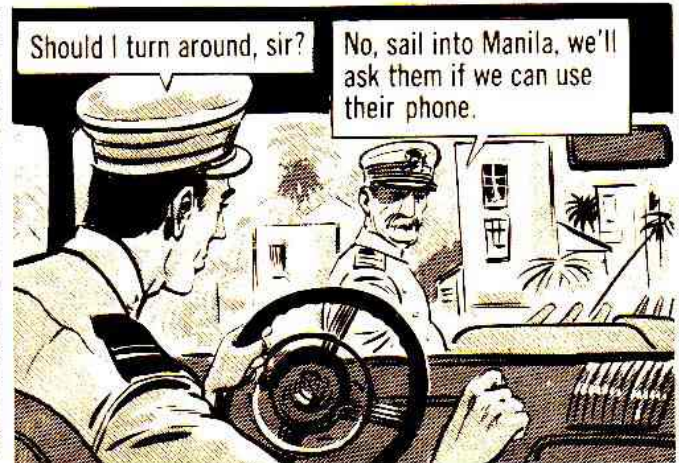
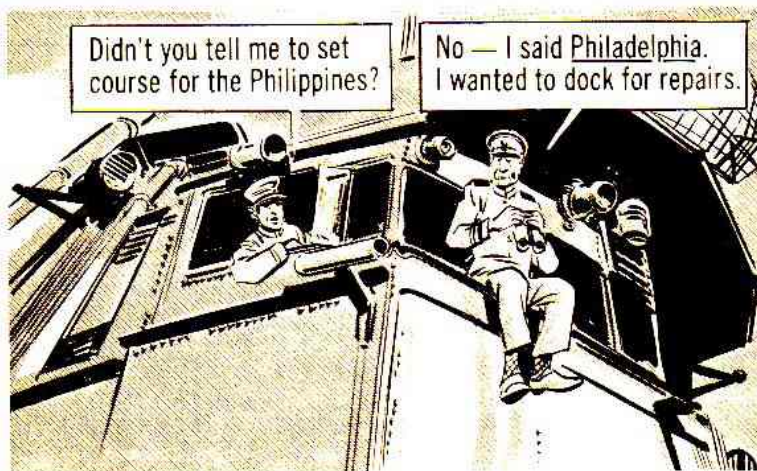
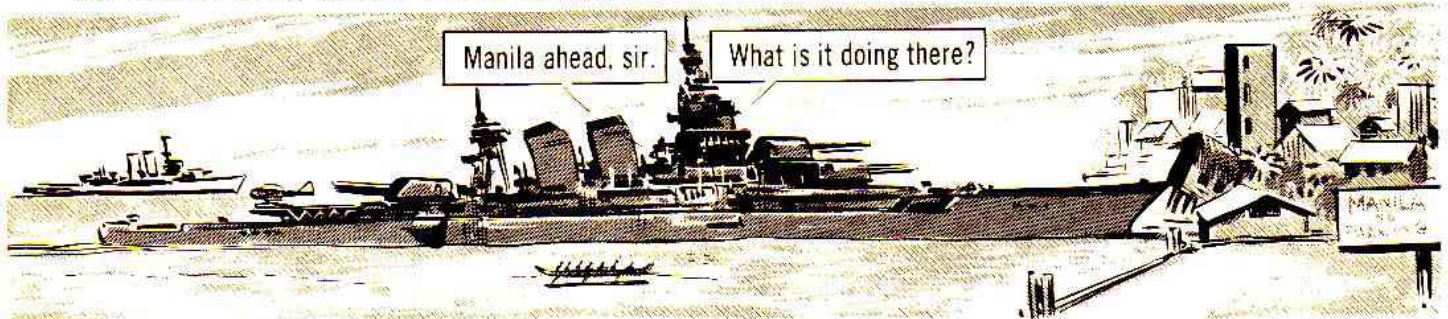


1898-DEWEY TAKES MANILA

Admiral Dewey is aboard the battleship—Missouri



SIX MONTHS LATER, OUTSIDE MANILA HARBOR

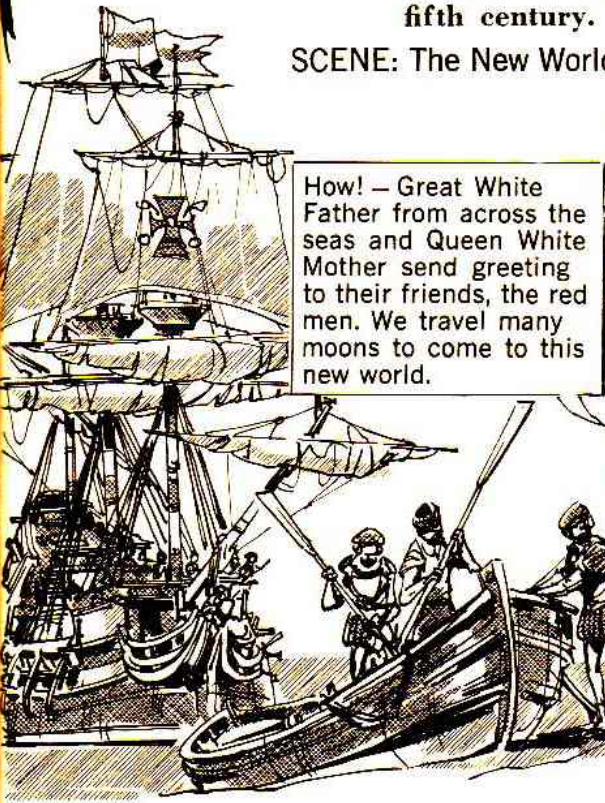


Columbus Discovers Chinese

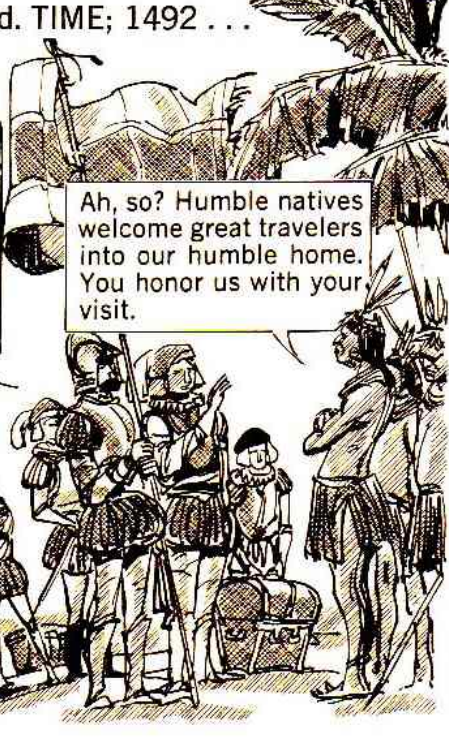
News Report:

HONG KONG—The Chinese, not Columbus, discovered America, the Communist newspaper *Wen Wei Pao* declared today. The red Chinese publication claimed Chinese Buddhists reached the New World by way of the Aleutian Islands and Alaska in the fifth century.


SCENE: The New World. TIME; 1492 . . .




How! — Great White Father from across the seas and Queen White Mother send greeting to their friends, the red men. We travel many moons to come to this new world.




Ah, so? Humble natives welcome great travelers into our humble home. You honor us with your visit.



You're Chinese?
You're kidding!



We of Ming Dynasty, sister classmate of Shirley Yakamoko. What little we have is yours. Not much happening now, but this is excellent location for oriental restaurants.



I don't understand — If you are Indians, how come you speak Chinese?

True, pale face, we are Indians, but we educated at Chinese University — Nagking State.

I heard rumors that Leif Erickson and his Vikings were here. Have you seen anything of him?

Is he tall, blond man with fair skin and outdoor ruddy complexion?

Yes, that's him.

No.

If you haven't seen anything of him, how can you describe him so accurately?

We heard the same rumors.

GREAT MOMENTS IN MILITARY HISTORY

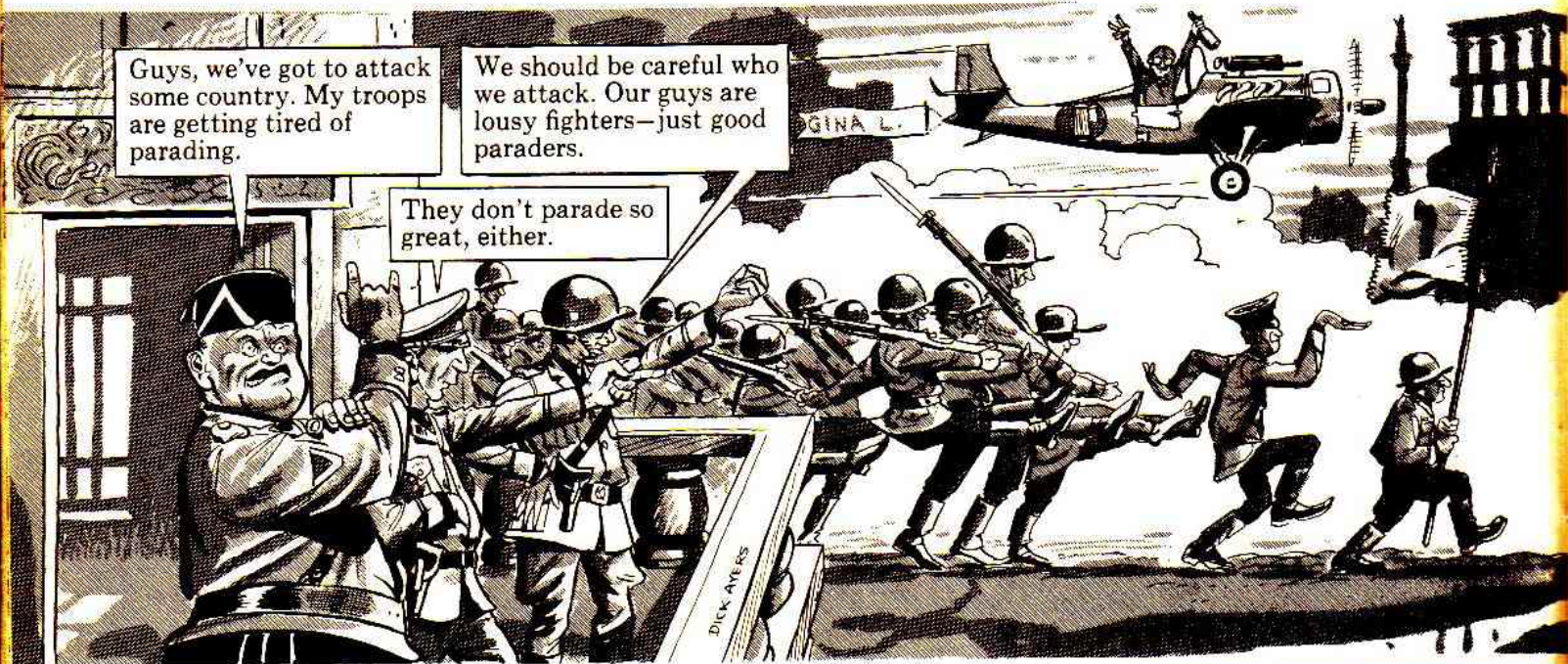
MUSSOLINI DECIDES TO INVADE ETHIOPIA

TIME: 1935—Place: Rome, Italy—Headquarters of Benito Mussolini

Guys, we've got to attack some country. My troops are getting tired of parading.

We should be careful who we attack. Our guys are lousy fighters—just good paraders.

They don't parade so great, either.



How about invading a little island like Sicily?

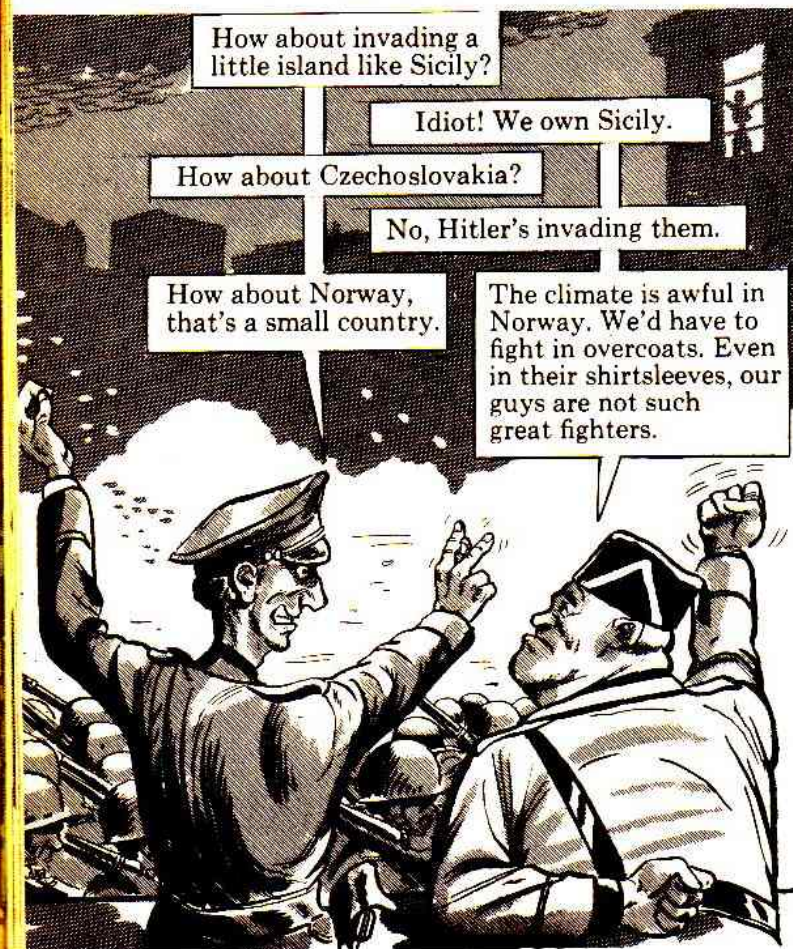
Idiot! We own Sicily.

How about Czechoslovakia?

No, Hitler's invading them.

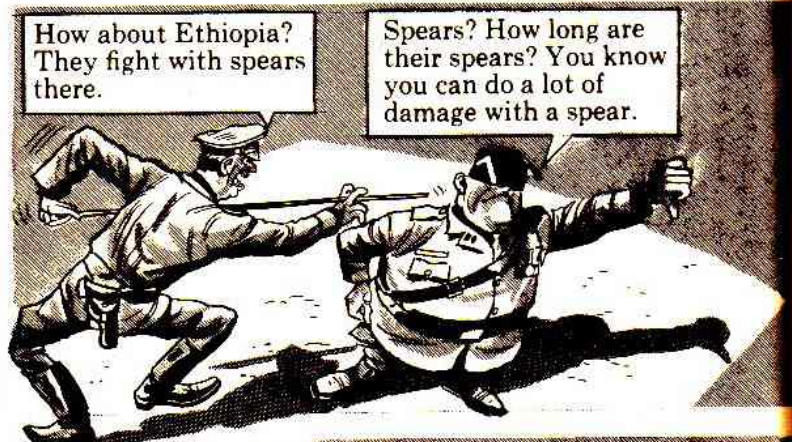
How about Norway, that's a small country.

The climate is awful in Norway. We'd have to fight in overcoats. Even in their shirtsleeves, our guys are not such great fighters.



How about Ethiopia? They fight with spears there.

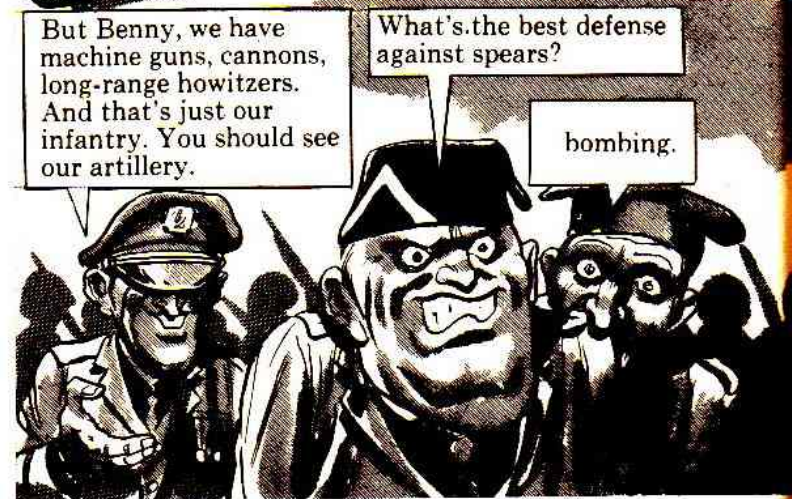
Spears? How long are their spears? You know you can do a lot of damage with a spear.



But Benny, we have machine guns, cannons, long-range howitzers. And that's just our infantry. You should see our artillery.

What's the best defense against spears?

hombing.



Maybe if we talk to Haille Selassie, he might dump the war.

If we attack Ethiopia, it will look bad in the papers. Why don't we attack Russia?



We don't have germ warfare.

The Russians don't know that.



The Russians may have germ warfare.

We don't know that.



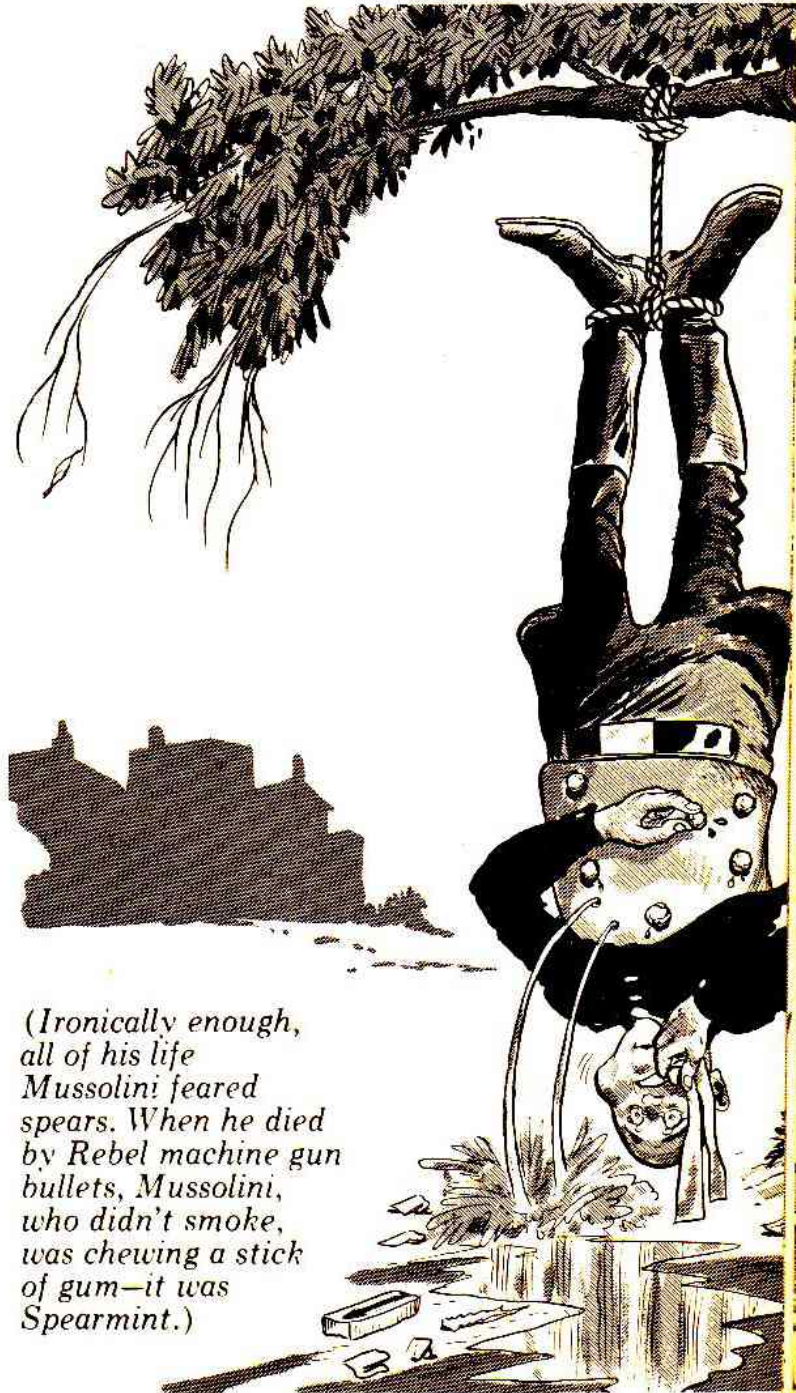
There's no other choice but Ethiopia.

I'm still afraid of those spears. Maybe our guys ought to wear overcoats?




Are you out of your mind? You know how big they are? No, Ethiopia seems the best choice. Get our long-range bombers ready.

I still think we can take Russia. We'll bring them to their knees with threats of germ warfare.



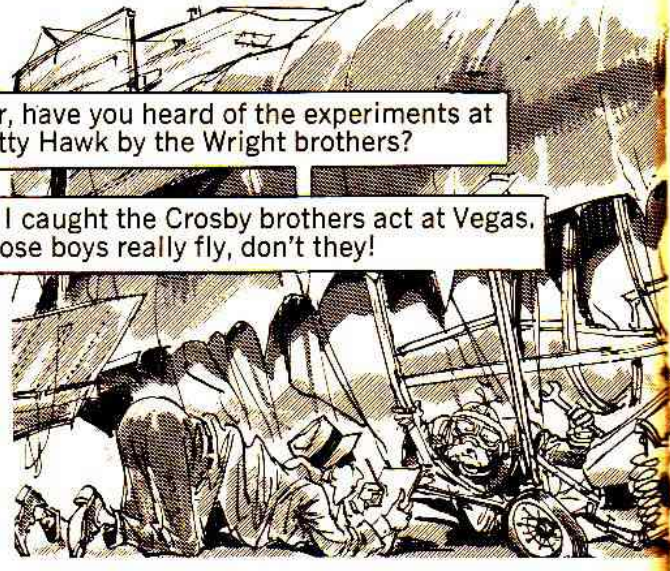
(Ironically enough, all of his life Mussolini feared spears. When he died by Rebel machine gun bullets, Mussolini, who didn't smoke, was chewing a stick of gum—it was Spearmint.)

Invention of The Zeppelin



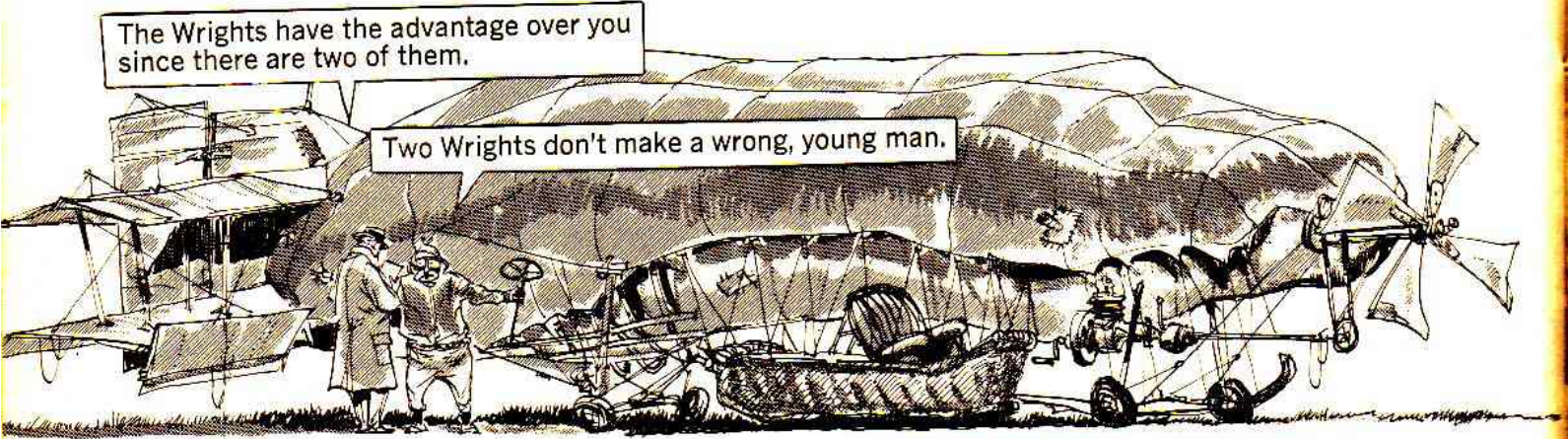
Mr. Zeppelin, your airship is ready for its first flight. Will you tell us why you called your ship "the Zeppelin"?

I don't know exactly. I was going to name it after my sister, Marjorie Dirigible.



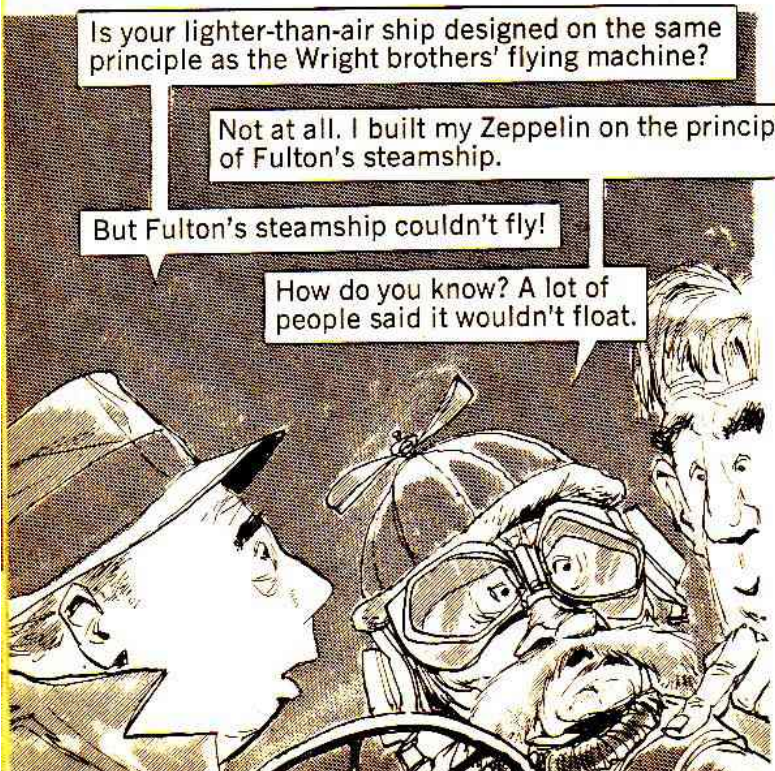
Sir, have you heard of the experiments at Kitty Hawk by the Wright brothers?

No, but I caught the Crosby brothers act at Vegas. Man, those boys really fly, don't they!



The Wrights have the advantage over you since there are two of them.

Two Wrights don't make a wrong, young man.

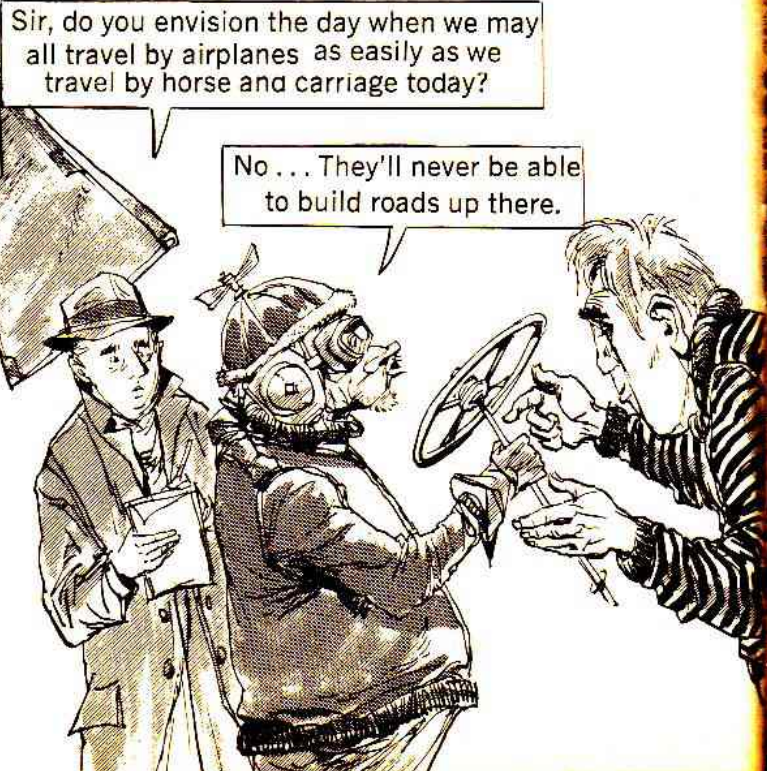


Is your lighter-than-air ship designed on the same principle as the Wright brothers' flying machine?

Not at all. I built my Zeppelin on the principles of Fulton's steamship.


But Fulton's steamship couldn't fly!

How do you know? A lot of people said it wouldn't float.

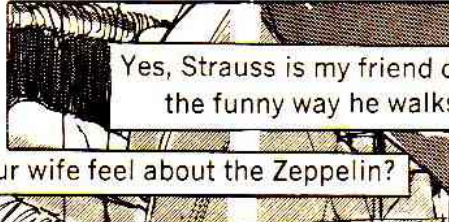


Sir, do you envision the day when we may all travel by airplanes as easily as we travel by horse and carriage today?

No... They'll never be able to build roads up there.




You were born in Vienna and you're a friend of Johann Strauss. Are you familiar with Strauss' Waltz?



Yes, Strauss is my friend despite the funny way he walks!

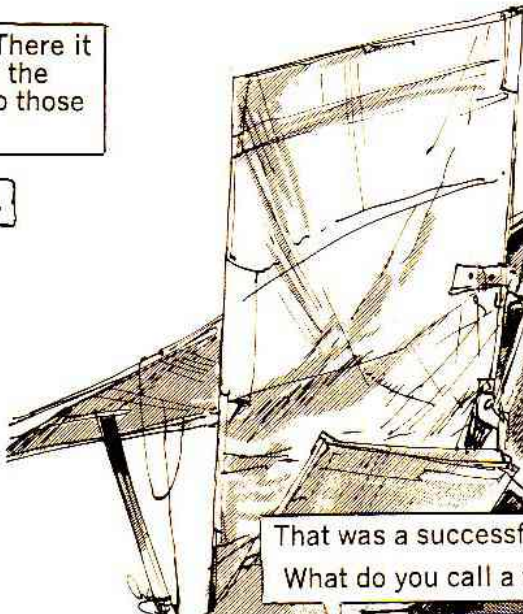
How does your wife feel about the Zeppelin?

She says if God wanted us to fly he would have given us wings. She'll be sprouting some pretty soon if she doesn't keep her mouth shut.



See, your Zeppelin is ready for takeoff. There it goes down the air strip. It's at the end of the air strip. Look out, it's going to crash into those trees. Wow! What a crash!

Another successful flight.



That was a successful flight? What do you call a failure?

When the damn thing doesn't make it to the trees.

STALE NEWS DEPT.

Every issue, the editors dip into the yellowed pages of the old time newspaper file to bring you the classic news stories of your parents' times. This is so you will have something to discuss with the folks if the bomb falls and the TV goes out or if the copy of Readers Digest gets lost in the mails.

CLASSIC HEADLINE #136

The Mystery of Amelia

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED to Amelia Earhart, the famed woman flyer, who disappeared in 1937 in a two-seater, bi-plane on a round-the-world flight?

Interest over Miss Earhart's mysterious disappearance has never diminished. In 1945, a Long Island newspaper ran a story about her under the headline: "Where is the Famous American Aviatrix?" People thought some rare bird had escaped from the Bronx Zoo. No trace of Amelia was uncovered as a result of the story, but several rare birds were turned up.

There are many theories on what happened to Amelia and her navigator, Fred Noonan. Some people think they're still up there. Others say they flew off course and came down in Boise, Idaho. That would explain why they are thought dead. We know some people from Boise, Idaho, and we think they're dead.



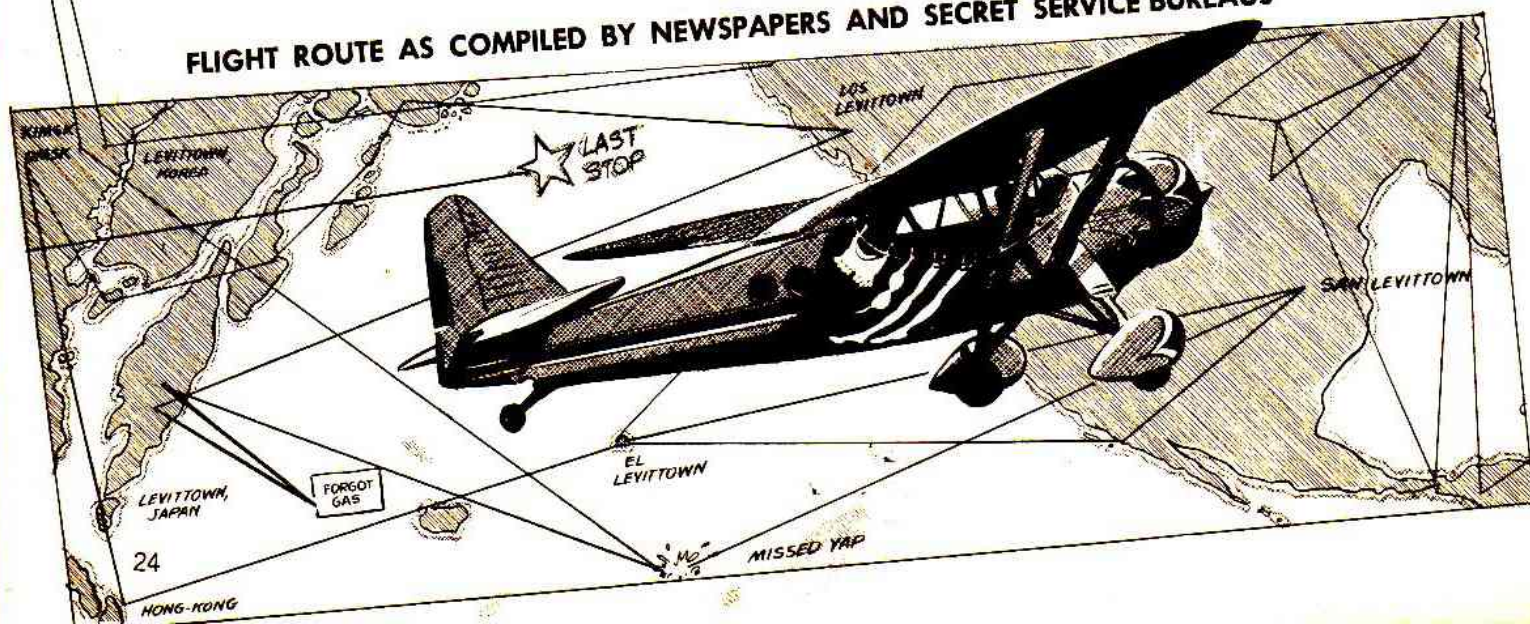
A San Francisco radio newsman recently claimed he had uncovered the bones of Amelia Earhart in Saipan. We saw pictures of the bones and they didn't look a bit like her. An interesting sidelight to the story is, now that San Francisco newsman is missing...

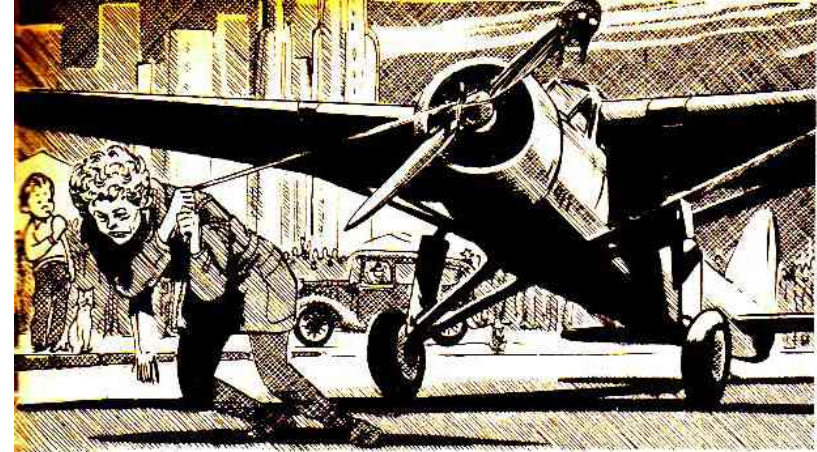
Another theory is that Miss Earhart flew off with her navigator. After all, a man and a woman alone in a two-seater, bi-plane. And Amelia was an attractive woman despite her recent pictures. He may have suggested that they fly off into the sunset. She consented, they tried it, the plane caught fire and burned.

There is also a small group in Southern California who claim she fell off the edge of the earth. This exclusive sect still maintains that the world is flat and that Columbus sailed from Newfoundland. There is an opposition group whose dogma contends that the world is square. This latter group is growing by ever-increasing numbers.

Still another theory is that Amelia Earhart was spying on the Japs. If this is the case, shouldn't she bring her report in by now? The war has been over for fifteen years — if the secrets are going to be of any use at all to our government, she'd better hurry back with them.

FLIGHT ROUTE AS COMPILED BY NEWSPAPERS AND SECRET SERVICE BUREAUS





Amelia Earhart was a pioneer in American air travel. She once took a plane from Chicago to St. Louis in 2 hours, 43 minutes and when she arrived, was heard to say: "Now, let's see what it can do in the air."

Earhart

Wouldn't it be wild if Amelia Earhart turned up in the Pentagon next week and told the CIA the Japs were planning a sneak attack on Pearl Harbor? They'd probably believe her.

A further extension of the spying theory is that AE was captured by the Japs. Evidence for this theory is that a dead Jap general was discovered with a picture album of Amelia during World War II. Of course, he also had an album of Marlene Dietrich and the Japs never held her prisoner — that we know of.

It would be just like Marlene to be captured by the Japs and keep quiet about it. We don't really believe Marlene Dietrich was ever held prisoner by the Japs. We know she was held prisoner by the Germans — lots of times.



As recently as last month, a woman in Kew Gardens said she spotted Amelia Earhart at a supermarket checkout line. The Long Island woman claimed she recognized AE's distinctive boyish, short-cropped haircut and the familiar coveralls she almost always wore. Upon investigation it turned out the shopper was not Amelia Earhart, but a local garage mechanic...

He had a lot of explaining to do to local police. They wanted to know what he was doing in a supermarket checkout line in a two-seater, bi-plane.

FEELING OLD BEFORE YOUR TIME? GET INTO THE SWING OF THINGS. JOIN THE FUN. TAKE A BUS RIDE DOWN SOUTH AND LIVE!

- Now, at bargain rates, you can ride to the land of magnolias.
- Participate in the colorful "Freedom Fighter" Festival.
- Take part in beatings, stompings, exciting torchlight parades.



Meals served free — charcoal-broiled potatoes, burned toast and roasted marshmallows, all fried courtesy of rioting flame carriers who greet you at every stop.

- Good seats in front — or in back — of every bus.

- And only \$15 one-way. (We only sell one-way tickets.)

- \$12 if you agree to sit near a window.

- \$3.60 if you've got a good left jab and aren't a bleeder.

- Helmets and shoulder pads provided. Also, rubbing oil to prevent third-degree burns.

- Sit in the comfort of our open-air busses (they had windows before the rioters kicked them in) and hear music piped in for your comfort. Hear:

"Weepy Time Down South."
"Rampart Street Tirade."
"Scars Fell on Alabama," and many other favorites from Dixie.



**Call today for your reservation
CONCUSSION 6-4111**

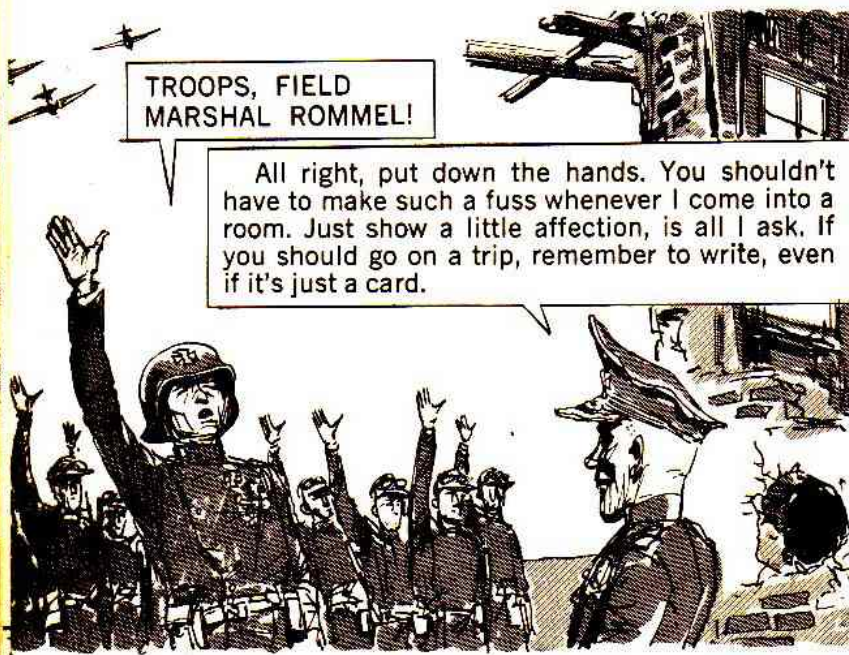
or write to Freedom Fighters Tour,
Battle Creek, Michigan

**YOU DUCK...AND LEAVE
THE DRIVING TO US**




Throughout history, ever since Henry IV shouted "ONTO THE BEACH AGAIN, MY FRIENDS, WE WILL SPREAD OUT OUR BLANKETS!" stirring orations have rallied fighting men to heroic deeds of action. Here, from the annals of World War II, are—

GREAT BATTLE SPEECHES

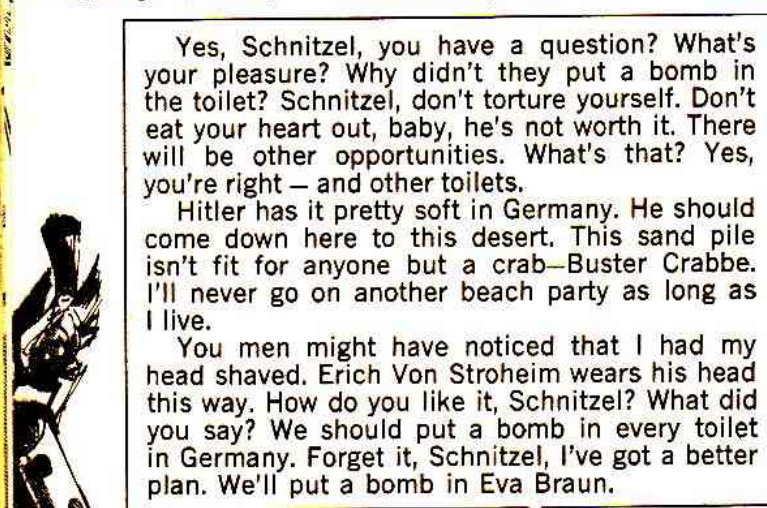


TROOPS, FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL!

All right, put down the hands. You shouldn't have to make such a fuss whenever I come into a room. Just show a little affection, is all I ask. If you should go on a trip, remember to write, even if it's just a card.



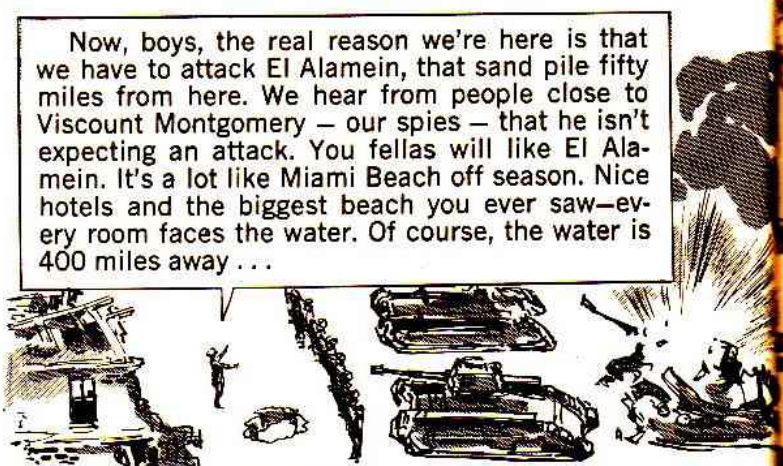
First, fellas, news from the home front. The attempted assassination of our beloved Fuehrer has failed. I know how you feel—things are bad all over. They blew up the meeting room all right, but when the bomb went off, Der Fuehrer wasn't in the room. He went to the toilet. I'm not a bit surprised, that's where he was when we burned the Reichstag.



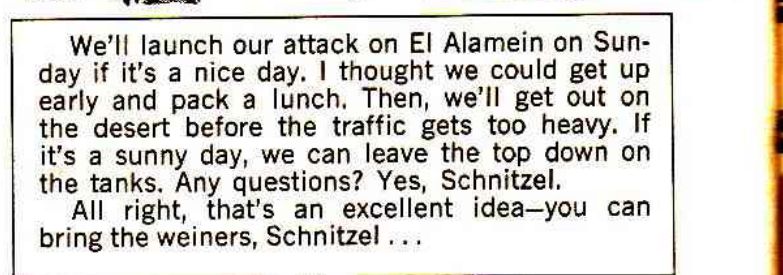
Yes, Schnitzel, you have a question? What's your pleasure? Why didn't they put a bomb in the toilet? Schnitzel, don't torture yourself. Don't eat your heart out, baby, he's not worth it. There will be other opportunities. What's that? Yes, you're right — and other toilets.

Hitler has it pretty soft in Germany. He should come down here to this desert. This sand pile isn't fit for anyone but a crab—Buster Crabbe. I'll never go on another beach party as long as I live.

You men might have noticed that I had my head shaved. Erich Von Stroheim wears his head this way. How do you like it, Schnitzel? What did you say? We should put a bomb in every toilet in Germany. Forget it, Schnitzel, I've got a better plan. We'll put a bomb in Eva Braun.

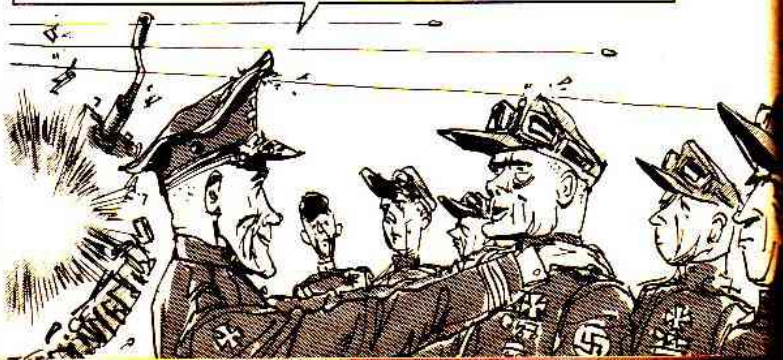


Now, boys, the real reason we're here is that we have to attack El Alamein, that sand pile fifty miles from here. We hear from people close to Viscount Montgomery — our spies — that he isn't expecting an attack. You fellas will like El Alamein. It's a lot like Miami Beach off season. Nice hotels and the biggest beach you ever saw—every room faces the water. Of course, the water is 400 miles away ...



We'll launch our attack on El Alamein on Sunday if it's a nice day. I thought we could get up early and pack a lunch. Then, we'll get out on the desert before the traffic gets too heavy. If it's a sunny day, we can leave the top down on the tanks. Any questions? Yes, Schnitzel.

All right, that's an excellent idea—you can bring the weiners, Schnitzel ...



Jimmy Doolittle addresses pilots in briefing room of aircraft carrier . . .

Men, can I have your attention. I am General James Doolittle. Can you stop that card game for a minute? Come on, guys, this is a historic moment and I'd like to have everyone's attention before I begin. That's better. Now that you've broken up the card game, can someone turn the sound projector off. Fine—thanks for the cooperation.

Now, I know a lot of you pilots are wondering why we loaded heavy bomber planes aboard this aircraft carrier and then sailed so close to the Japanese mainland. None of you wondered about that? Pretty alert group we have here. Well, let's get an idea of just how alert you are. Stanger, why do you think we loaded this aircraft carrier with heavy bombers and then headed for the Japanese mainland?

You think we're going to sell the bombers to the Japanese. It might interest you to know, Stanger, that your government is not selling heavy bombers to the Japanese. We still sell scrap iron to the Japs which they then can make into heavy bombers, but that's different—that's free enterprise.

The reason we loaded the bombers on this carrier is that we are going to bomb Tokyo. Stanger, you have a question? Can a heavy bomber take off from the deck of an aircraft carrier? Good question. It shows you're thinking. So far, in a test run, only one heavy bomber ever took off successfully from an aircraft carrier. And that plane immediately sank in the ocean. That's how the U.S. Air Force got its first submarine.

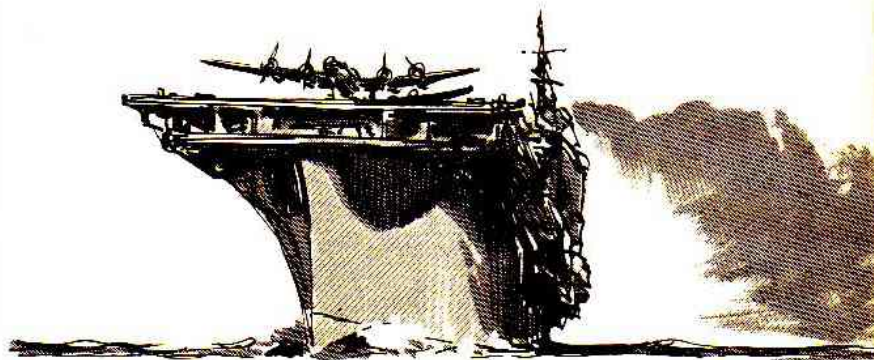
But if we can get these planes into the air, we'll all go directly to Tokyo. Point X on the map is a munitions factory. Point Y is the Japanese High Command and Point Z is one of the best Japanese-American restaurants in the Orient. In case you have to bail out and have a few hours to kill in Tokyo, I strongly recommend you stop here.

Now, if any of you are shot down and questioned by the Japs, don't tell them you took off from an aircraft carrier. Tell them you took off from Mitchell Airfield in Levittown. That will really upset them.

While we're over Japan, we'll be dropping incendiary bombs. No, Stanger, don't drop any shirts. I know they do a great job on the collars, but we don't know when we'll be back.

Any other questions? Will we return to the carrier? No, the carrier can't wait for us. After the bombing, you'll all fly back to San Francisco. I know it's a long trip, but we're prepared for that. We've set up an emergency landing field for those who can't make it all the way back to Frisco. The emergency field is in Santa Barbara.

Now, if you look out the portholes what do you see? Stanger, I'm sure you recognize that snow-capped mountain on the right . . . Good, Stanger, you've got it—it's Paramount Pictures. We'll drop our bombs right in the middle of the "V" for Vistavision . . .



MINUTE MONOLOGUE

PEARL HARBOR BATTLE SPEECHES

The time is December 6, 1941. The place, headquarters of the Japanese High Command. Emperor Hirohito is addressing his Naval and Army Chiefs of Staff.

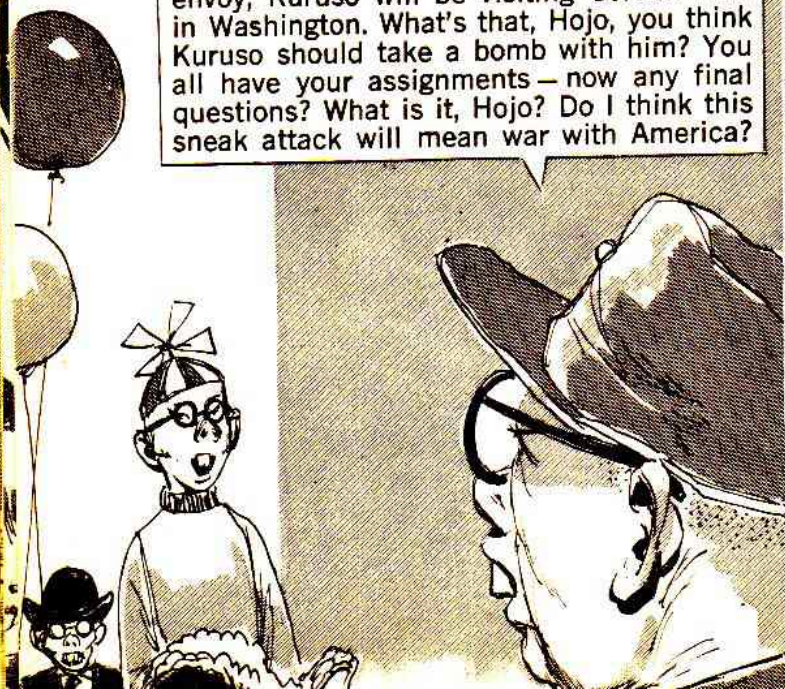
On December 7, 1941 — that's tomorrow — Japanese Naval forces will attack Pearl Harbor. Yes, Commander Hojo. You have a question? Who is Pearl Harbor? Pearl Harbor is American Naval Base at Hawaii. Remember that name, Hojo — Pearl Harbor. I want all of you to REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR.

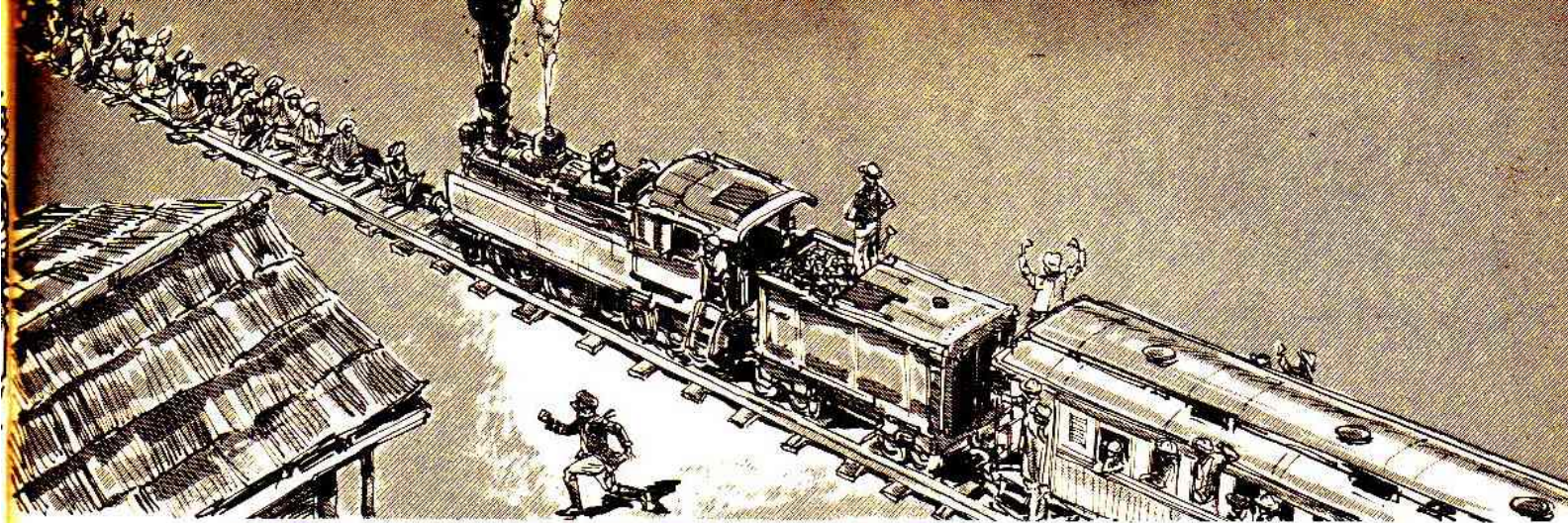
Our planes will fly over Pearl Harbor and attack the Arizona, the Nevada and the Arkansas. Oh, so, Hojo, I see that pleases you. Oh, you always wanted to see Arizona... Hojo, must you always play the clown? Sometimes I think it was a mistake for you to be educated at a Japanese college. You should have gone to UCLA like the rest of us.



At the time we are making our attack, our envoy, Kuruso will be visiting Cordell Hull in Washington. What's that, Hojo, you think Kuruso should take a bomb with him? You all have your assignments — now any final questions? What is it, Hojo? Do I think this sneak attack will mean war with America?

Let me put it this way, Hojo—I don't think we'll win a peace prize for this.



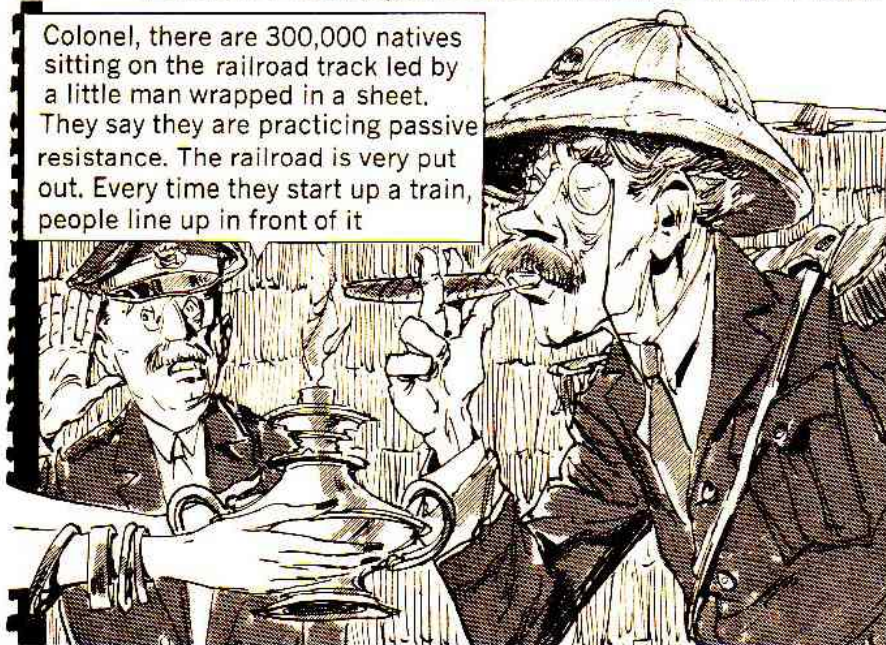


THE BIRTH OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE

British Headquarters in New Dehli, India.

Colonel, there are 300,000 natives sitting on the railroad track led by a little man wrapped in a sheet. They say they are practicing passive resistance. The railroad is very put out. Every time they start up a train, people line up in front of it

Tell them the problem is easily solved — run all the trains backwards.



History records that Gandhi didn't stop the trains but he got them all running backwards. In the following years there were more train wrecks in India than any one could imagine. You could hardly pick up a newspaper without getting hit by a train. Until this day, Gandhi's words still ring true— "In India the Safest place to walk is in front of a train."

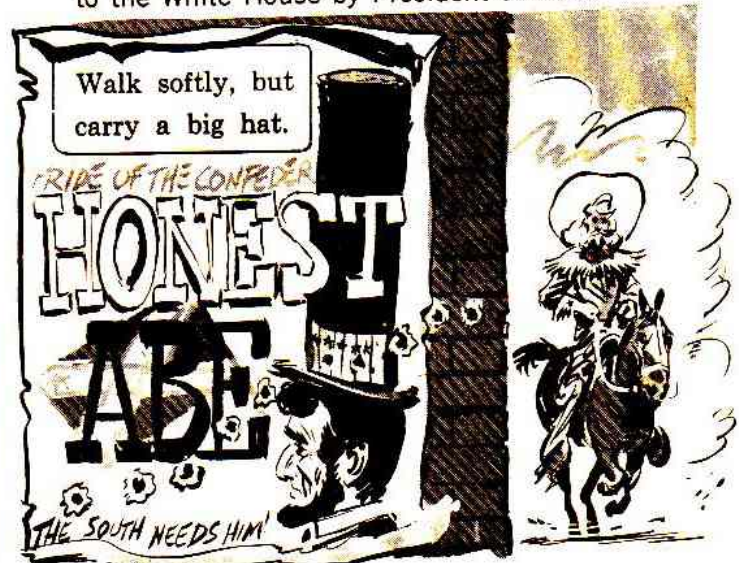
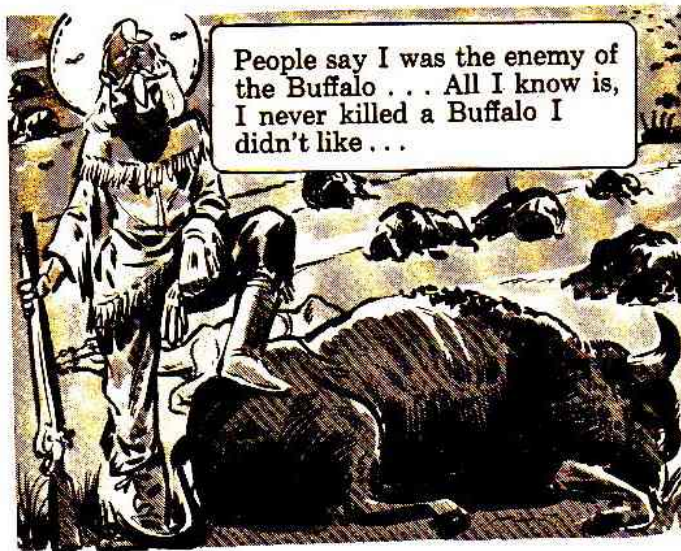


With all the shows on Television today honoring our Western heroes, one of our greatest cowboys has been grossly neglected. To remedy this situation, SICK presents—

The Saga of

This is the story of a man and his country . . .
The man: BUFFALO BILL CODY . . .

Our story begins when Buffalo Bill is summoned to the White House by President Lincoln.



A man mounts the steps of the White House. Tired and bedraggled, dressed in tattered buckskins, he enters the President's private chambers. The President rises to greet him.

William Cody, I presume.

No, Mr. President, I'm your aide. Cody is waiting outside.

Show him in.

President Lincoln, this is a great honor.

I'm not the president . . . I'm his aide. The President is the tall, gaunt man over there with the dark beard and the big hat.

Cody, you know why I sent for you. The Apaches are growing restless in the North.

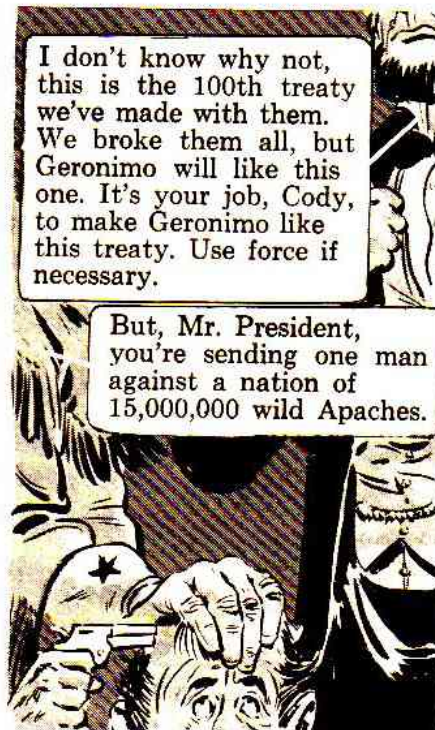


Buffalo Bill



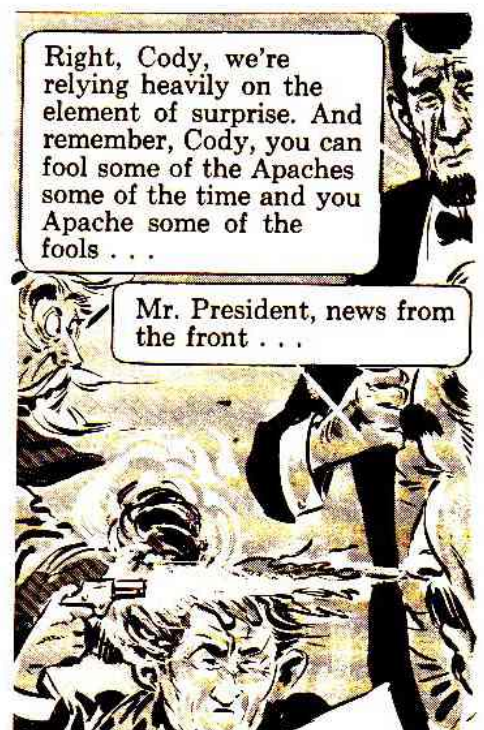
Cody, I want you to ride into Apache territory with a treaty.

Will the Apaches accept another treaty?



I don't know why not, this is the 100th treaty we've made with them. We broke them all, but Geronimo will like this one. It's your job, Cody, to make Geronimo like this treaty. Use force if necessary.

But, Mr. President, you're sending one man against a nation of 15,000,000 wild Apaches.



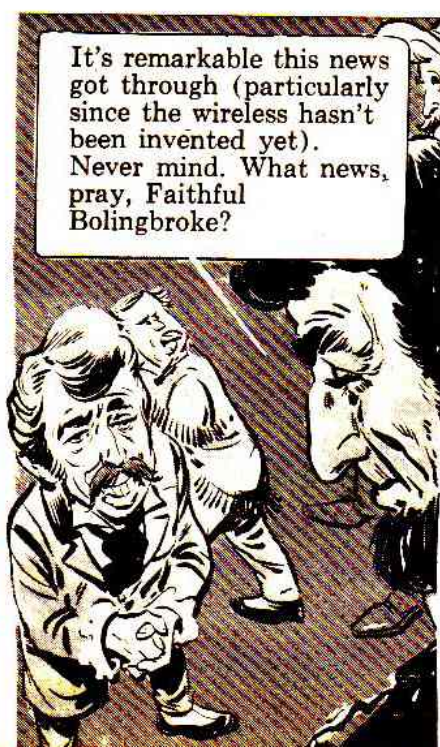
Right, Cody, we're relying heavily on the element of surprise. And remember, Cody, you can fool some of the Apaches some of the time and you Apache some of the fools . . .

Mr. President, news from the front . . .



I'm not the President. I'm his aide. Try the tall, gaunt man over there.

Mr. President, telegraph news from the seat of the war.



It's remarkable this news got through (particularly since the wireless hasn't been invented yet). Never mind. What news, pray, Faithful Bolingbroke?



General Grant has been pushed across the Chickahominy . . .

Pushed backwards or forwards?

Forward.

Duncan woods have come to Chickahominy . . . Fetch me the Constitution.

What do you make of it, Cody?

It seems to me that all men are created free and equal . . .

Well put, Cody. I am prepared to sacrifice any part of this Constitution to save the whole of it, or to sacrifice the whole of it to save any part of it. But what I will not do, is sacrifice all of it to save none of it . . . And now, sit down, Cody, and let me tell you the newest SICK story — It's about this couple that goes to the theater and the husband is shot. Afterwards, a reporter asks the man's wife: "Aside from that, how did you like the show?" And now, Cody—to the Apaches . . . Remember the pen is mightier than the sword, so take this penknife with you.

Cody rides across the desert and enters Apache reservation bearing a white flag. Cody addresses the Chief, Geronimo.



Mr. Chief, this is a great honor.

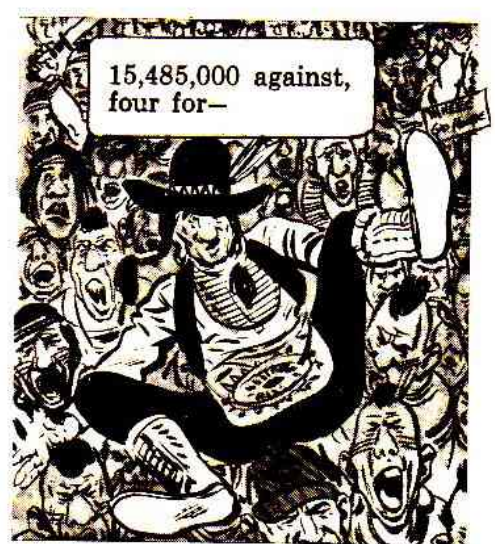
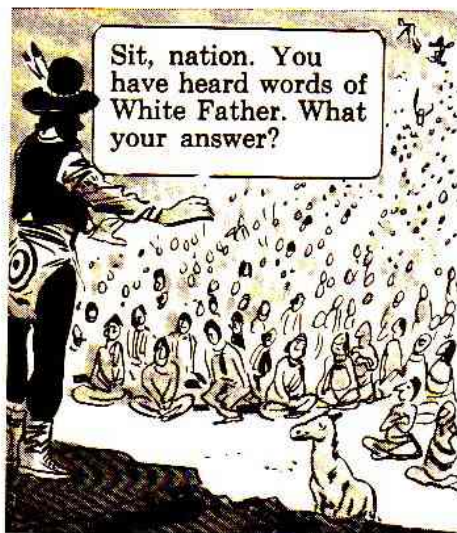
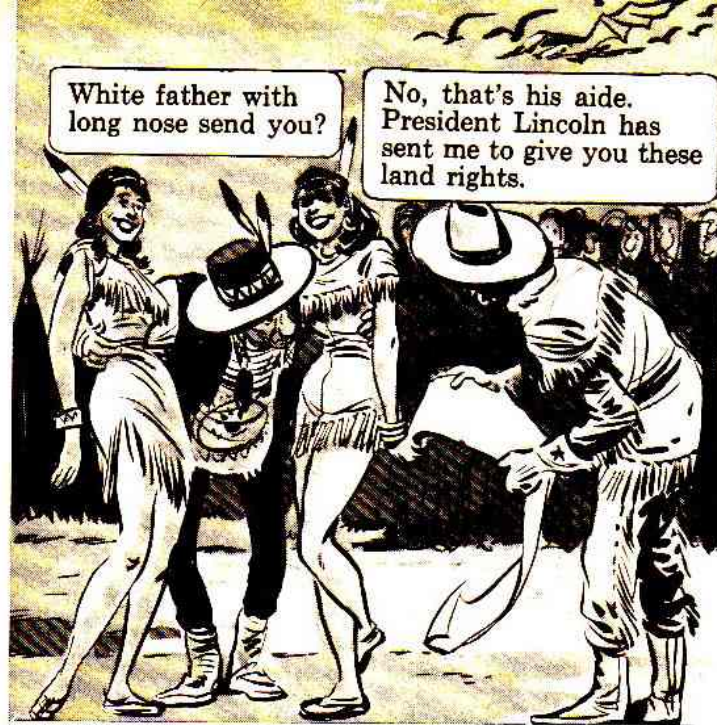
I'm not Chief. Chief is tall, gaunt man over there wearing hat with white feathers.

Why do you ride under white flag?

White flag is symbol of truce, Chief.

Not in this territory. Here, white flag means war.

I have been commissioned by the President . . .



The rest is history. Cody died by Indian Execution. He was covered with leaves and straw and the Apaches fired flaming arrows into him. He, in turn, set fire to the leaves and straw.

Cody's body is buried out in the old prairie. And if you visit his grave, you'll see thousands of wild buffalo coming from miles around piling Cody's tombstone high with straw and dry leaves and firing flaming arrows into his grave . . .



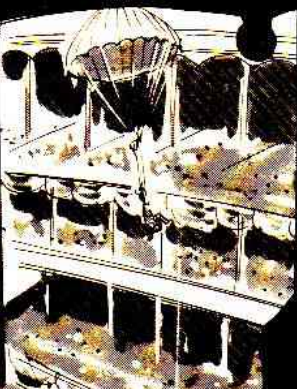
Before your time and ours, a plot to dump a major league baseball game shook the very foundations of the diamond sport.

This year, the story, scheduled for TV dramatization, was cancelled by

TWENTIETH

Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen,
I'm Walter Cranklite . . . The show—
THE TWENTIETH CENTURY . . . The place—
Chicago, Illinois. The time: Half past seven . . .
The story—

The Chicago Black Sox Scandal



Chicago Second Baseman, Waite Awhile, who allegedly engineered the fix, is talking to Chicago General Manager, Ike Fixer.

So we've been in a little slump—we'll snap out of it on the Japanese tour.

There's no spirit on the team.



You wanted to see me, Yo-Yo?

Yea—it's about my locker—somebody put a mess of razor blades in my glove.

Maybe they want you to do a shaving commercial.



Yesterday's game was the topper.

In the 9th inning when the Cubs had the bases loaded I caught a ground ball and everybody in our infield started yelling: "Throw it to the third baseman—throw it to the third baseman . . ."

So?



network moguls who feared that the national game was too serious a subject to be besmirched by recollections of the scandal. SICK disagrees! We assert that the business of baseball is not serious... and this story will prove it!

CENTURY

No spirit? — Look at Harris, he begged the skipper to let him pitch yesterday—you call that no spirit?

But Harris is our first baseman... And those errors the team's been making.

Everybody makes errors... That's why they put erasers on pencils.

Errors, yes — but on thrown balls.

Of all the players on the Black Sox team, one player, Shoelace Yo-Yo, was oblivious to the fix. He was such a bum, the gamblers didn't bother to fix him. Here comes Shoelace into the Black Sox locker room now...

Let's go, guys—let's win that one back today... Let's go, gang, up and at 'em. Say, fellas, you aren't dressed yet.

I noticed that the team doesn't show that old pepper... Nobody's talking it up in the infield... Nobody on the team is talking to me—was it something I said?

The other boys all seem to like you, Yo-Yo.

They seem to avoid me—I think there's something wrong with my bath soap.

If there is something wrong, I haven't gotten wind of it.

I'm the third baseman... After I threw the ball away, the rest of the team carried me from the field on their shoulders.

Didn't they know we lost the game?

I didn't have the heart to tell them.

IN THE STYLE OF DON ADAMS

It was once my great privilege to see the foremost movie director at work. It was an unforgettable experience. I'd like to show you now what it was like: Here is the great movie director on the set of his last biblical epic, "Last Biblical Epic"...



Good morning, cast . . . this is the final scene of "Last Biblical Epic" . . . We've gathered you all here this morning on the shores of the Red Sea. Now, does anyone know what we're going to do today on the shores of the Red Sea? Get Paid? . . . Aside from that . . . No one wants to venture a guess . . . Have you read today's script? No . . . Have you read the Bible? I see . . . well, have you read Classic Comics? Good—then you know our story.

We're going to film the parting of the Red Sea today. That may—in some small way, explain why we flew you all from Hollywood here to Jerusalem . . . Now, in parting the Red Sea there were many problems. First of these was deciding which side to part it on.

THE GREAT

This SICK monologue is the favorite of Don Adams, one of America's leading monologists. Don has appeared at the Blue Angel, Reuben Blue, and other top nightclubs throughout the country. He also has an album entitled, "Don Adams" strangely enough. Don has made numerous appearances on the Steve Allen Show and the Jack Paar Show. His *Umpire School*, *Prosecuting Attorney*, *Football Coach*, and *TV Late Show* monologues are classics. Many people think Don talks a lot like William Powell. This is not true—William Powell talks a lot like Don Adams.



Okay, Glick, bring up the Hebrews . . . Slow now—Send them through the parted waters . . . Glick, those Hebrews are wearing life jackets. Where's their faith? Don't they trust our special effects department? Now send the Egyptian army in pursuit. Not too fast—in our script they don't catch the Hebrews. We're doing the King James Version.

Good, good, nice shot of the water, Glick . . . Here comes the Hebrews in their life jackets . . . Closeup of Moses . . . Tab, you lost your beard. Of course, it's important—Don't you think it looks strange—four thousand Hebrews being led through the Red Sea by Flo Ziegfeld?



Now, Glick, have you worked out the parting of the waves? I don't care how Moses did it. We've got to do it the hard way. He did it with a miracle—we've got to do it with special effects.

Aha, here's Wanda Wembley, my leading lady. You're late, Wanda, you missed the psalm... What's that, Wanda? You're not happy with your leading man? He doesn't look like Moses? Tab Gruntley doesn't look like Moses? My dear, Wanda, when Tab Gruntley just narrowly missed copping an Oscar last year for his portrayal of Flo Ziegfield in "*Five Graves to Shreveport*", do you know what the New York critics said? The New York critics said, Tab didn't look enough like Flo Ziegfield, they said he looked too much like Moses.



Glick, where's the pharaoh? Call him to the set. What's that? He's practicing whipping slaves? Actors' Studio or not—take the whip away from him. Waddaya mean you can't take the whip away from him? You parted the waters of the Red Sea this morning—I saw it with my own eyes.

All right, places everyone. Let's spread out now. You've got to look like a cast of thousands... No, you're not quite getting it. We've got to get the effect that this is a cast of thousands. That's why we hired a million of you.

That's more like it. Ready, Glick, roll 'em. Part the waters slowly now. Not too fast... Glick, this is terrific. How'd you do it? It's an optical illusion? Glick, do you realize we've got to send two thousand Hebrews over that optical illusion?



MOVIE

DIRECTOR



There's another blunder. What's Wanda Wembley doing in the arms of the pharaoh? I know you're husband and wife off screen, Wanda, but in this picture the pharaoh plays your father.

Roll it some more. Hold it—stop the projector. May I call your attention to the extra in the right-hand corner of the screen wearing the brown sandals. And will somebody please tell me where in the Bible is the passage that describes a slave making his exodus from Egypt while eating an ice cream cone?

Don't get me wrong, Glick. The cone is a nice touch. My only objection is to the flavor.



Now if the cast will gather around, I'd like to make a few announcements. You might like to know that our Biblical epic is finishing on schedule. This is the sixth day of shooting. Tomorrow, on the seventh day, we'll rest. I've been asked to announce that the members of the cast building a pyramid will meet tonight behind the Babylonian set at 7:30—that's the Pyramid Club at 7:30.

There will be absolutely no more swimming in the Red Sea. It goes back to Paramount tomorrow. That's all, cast, now if you will all kneel, I'll bless you...

SON OF HISTORY

ART BY ERNEST SCHROEDER

In past issues SICK has published a series of history lessons. If you saved them all and pasted them together, you have enough for your own history book. Now it's time to return to school. If you learned your lesson

well, here's a tip: Don't take any history courses this year or you're in for some wild arguments. If you must take history, forget everything we told you. History is made at night, and we go to bed early...

MARIE ANTOINETTE CUTS OUT

1793 SCENE: Marie Antoinette's cell, a guard speaks to her:

Mademoiselle Antoinette, what do you want for your last meal?

Let me eat cake.

Well said... But have something besides dessert — a **HEAD** of cabbage perhaps, turtle **NECK** soup, fish**HEADS**...

No, just a prune danish and coffee. Any word from Robispere?

Only that he can't attend the ceremonies. He has a bad **HEAD**ache.

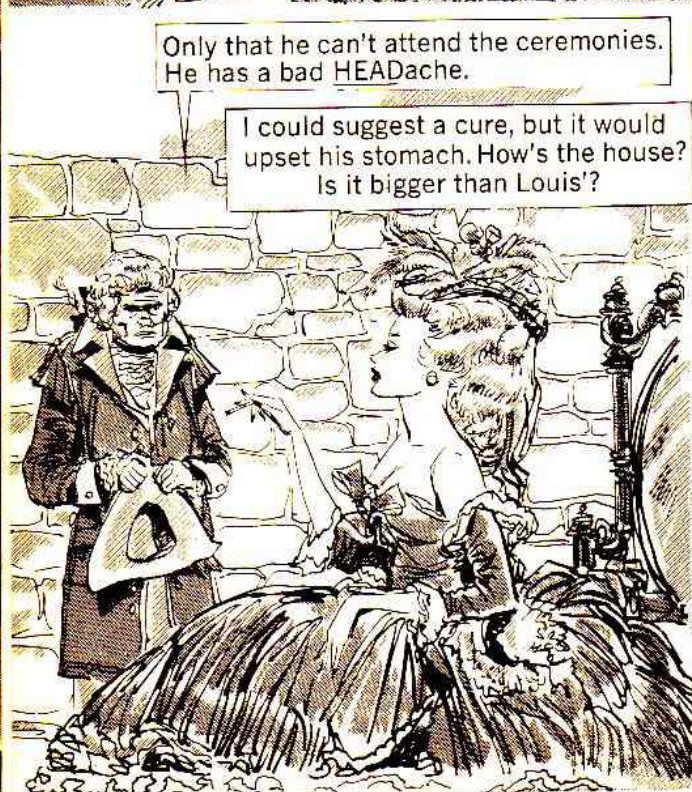
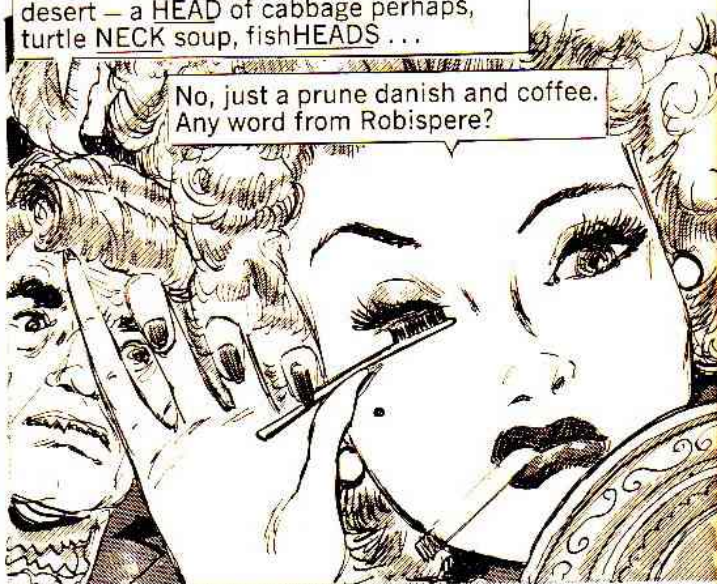
I could suggest a cure, but it would upset his stomach. How's the house? Is it bigger than Louis'?

Your house is **HEAD** and shoulders over his. Everyone is there — all the **HEADS** of state. You're a **HEAD**liner.

ANTOINETTE, FIVE MINUTES, AND YOU'RE ON.

I'm on, but not for long. Any last minute instructions?

Yes. Don't miss the basket.



**COME
BACK
LITTLE
FUEH-
RER**



Until now, history had never pieced together the full details of the final moments of World War II, when Hitler suspected the tide of battle was beginning to turn against him. About a week before V-E Day, in a desperate attempt to win back his popularity with the people, the Fuehrer called upon a Madison Avenue advertising agency to devise a popularity campaign for him.

The agency did its usual thorough job of motivational research on Hitler. They sent researchers around with 4 x 6 photographs to ask: "Would you buy a used car from this man?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't sign a non-aggression pact with him," was the usual reaction.

Months of research and thousands of interviews proved to the agency that Hitler should not become a used car salesman.

The account executive finally phoned Hitler in his bunker near Berlin, summarized the agency's findings and made some recommendations. The report went something like this:



Hello, Hitler, Bob Purcell here, account executive. I'll be seeing a lot of you after our campaign gets underway, so why don't we meet someday at 5:15 and have a few drinks together? Good! We've really done a thorough research job on you and we've discovered you've created a bad image.

In the first place, a lot of people say you're anti-semitic. It's very image-destroying. Some of your best friends are anti-semitic? It's wrong. Cut it out. We might spread the rumor that you changed your name and take a couple of publicity shots of you eating blintzes at Coney Island...

Next, shave that mustache. People associate a mustache with a villain. Charlie Chaplin wears one? That's why Chaplin never really made it big. Adolf.



About your staff: Goebels is a loud mouth but nobody listens to him. Goering is fun, the whole world loves a fat man. But drop Himmler, nobody trusts him...

Mussolini is all right. He's good for comic relief. Besides people think he's Jack Oakie... Mussolini is always bothering you for more money? Tell him not to hang by his heels 'til he gets more money from you.

Adolf, we want to play up your family background. Don't you have a sister? She's in a concentration camp? You put her there... Maybe we ought to forget you have a sister? You already have.



What should we tell them about France and Belgium? It was Jack Oakie's fault?

We have a few suggestions. Have you ever thought of changing your name again? No, not back to that. How about General Electric? Why? ... because it denotes progress. No, I said progress, not prison.

Another suggestion — you probably noticed that the American war propaganda movies show U.S. Marines killing Japs... We think you should make some movies showing Germans killing Japs... They might think we're fighting a common enemy.



Another thing, Adolf, the salute has got to go. It's too pushy. Have you ever thought of raising both your arms over your head making a "V"? It might be a cute piece of business . . . Too suggestive? Churchill's sticking his thumb in the air and nobody's squawking

The gang here thinks you should marry Eva Braun. I mean, we know she's been with you for years. It's giving you a black eye. We think you should marry her and maybe even have some children.

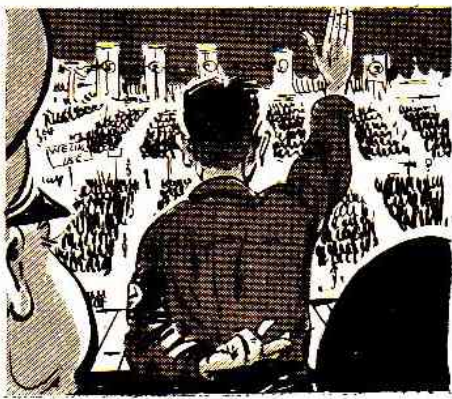
Oh, you and Eva already have a couple of kids? Goebels and Goering. They're yours?



Getting back to your appearance, Adolf. Why do you comb your hair over to one side? You think it makes you look sexy? Did Eva tell you it made you look sexy? No . . . Himmler did.

It's going to be a tough job making you popular. There's a lot of hard feeling against you. I'm sorry, Adolf, what did you say? How about telling them you're not a Nazi. That's going to be a little hard to sell. I mean, you were at all those rallies . . .

Maybe they'd give you a break if you promised to give back Poland . . . A lot of people will find it hard to forget Austria . . . Well, I guess you're right . . . we could tell them you were drunk . . .



We have another idea — how about faking a suicide and slipping off to South America until the whole thing blows over? It could work. Who's there in the bunker with you? Just a reporter from the Police Gazette . . . Will he talk?

Well, we'll keep working on ideas . . . What's that? . . . you would like to marry Eva . . . Good idea! Do you have a wedding ring? Oh, you have Himmler's ring. It's a friendship ring . . . He got it from Hess . . . Then you're all set. Oh,

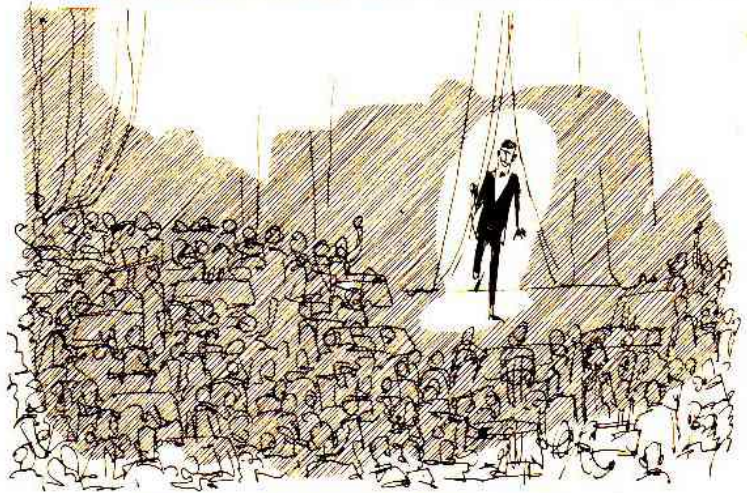
you're not sure Eva will marry you in the bunker? Why not? She always wanted a big wedding celebration. All right, we'll see if we can get the boys to shoot some guns off . . . What's that? . . . Adolf . . . Adolf?



A Special Section on Monologamy

SICK Humor is more than just a fad, it's a way of life. SICK Magazine is no more than a reflection of this way of life. This is why the editors at first wanted to name the magazine: "A reflection of the SICK way of Life." But that title was too long to fit on a cover so we shortened it to the now famous name — "LIFE"... To prove that SICK is not really so sick, we sent our reporters out to the nation's niteclubs to see if Sick Humor was still being practiced in these clinics by our missionaries. This is one example of what they found —

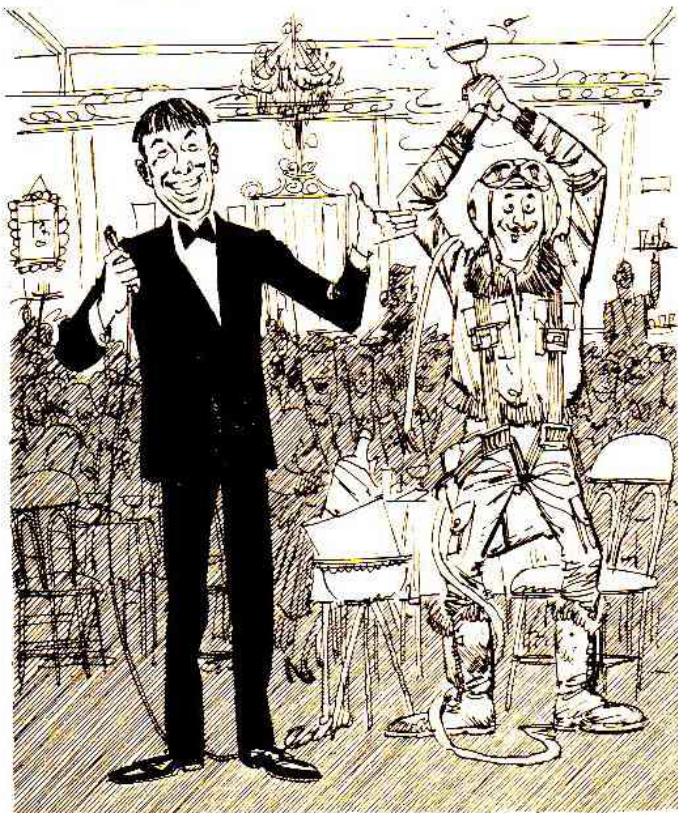
What is the difference between a thief and a church bell?
One steals from the people and the other peals from the steeple.



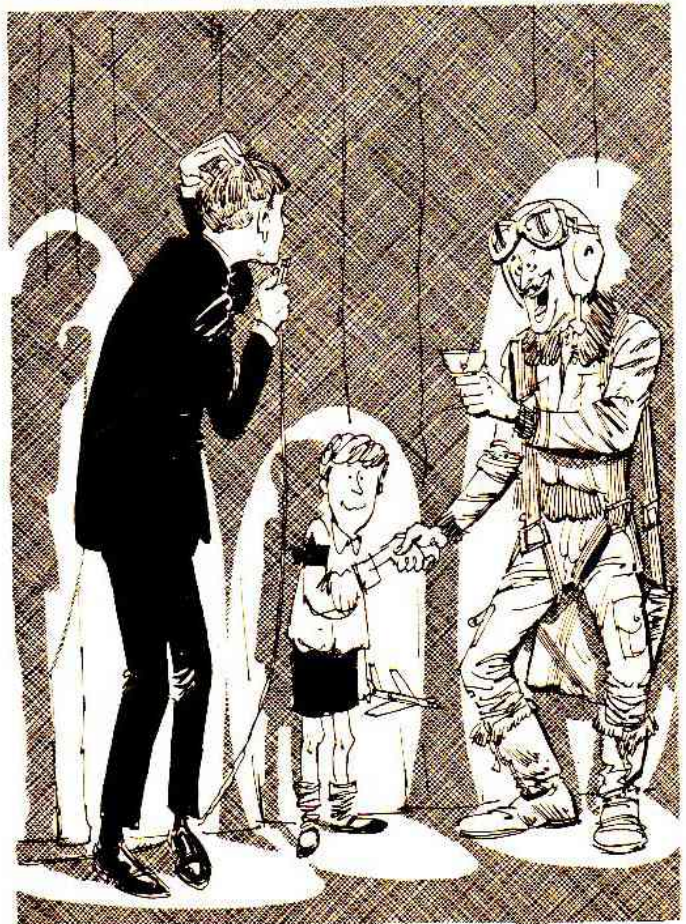
By Dee Caruso & Bill Levine

SICKEST NITE CLUB COMIC

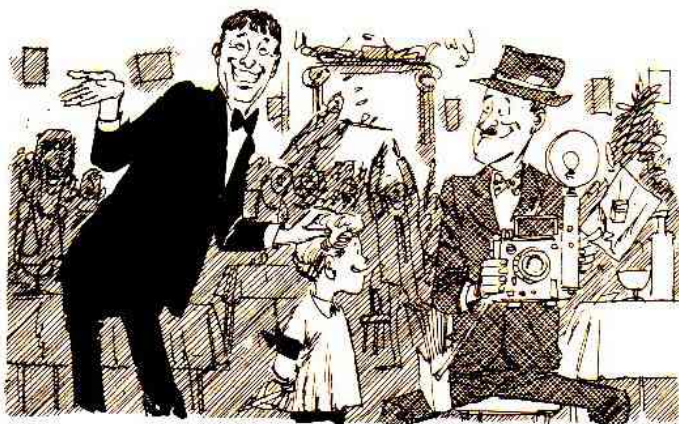
Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have some real celebrities with us in the audience tonight. Sitting at ringside, the French jet pilot who severed that cable over the Alps that sent three cable cars crashing to the mountain floor. Let's hear it from the first pilot to shoot down three cable cars in peace time. It's pretty hard to cut a cable at that height — try it sometime. Take a bow, sir. I hear that cable cutting from airplanes has caught on and is replacing skiing as a national sport over the Alps...



Also with us tonight, folks, from Switzerland are some of the survivors and relatives of the victims of the cable car disaster... Here is the son of one of those victims. Son, shake hands with the French jet pilot who severed the cable... That's a good sport... Tell me, boy, what do you want to be when you grow up? A French jet pilot... Fine lad...



Here also tonight is one of the heroes of that disaster. The guy who took the dramatic picture of the cable cars hurtling to earth. Take a bow, sir. What's that? You have only one regret? What's that, sir? That you didn't have your telescopic lens with you . . . How much are you charging for those pictures. He has them beautifully mounted, folks. What's that, boy? You want to buy one of the pictures? Good kid . . .



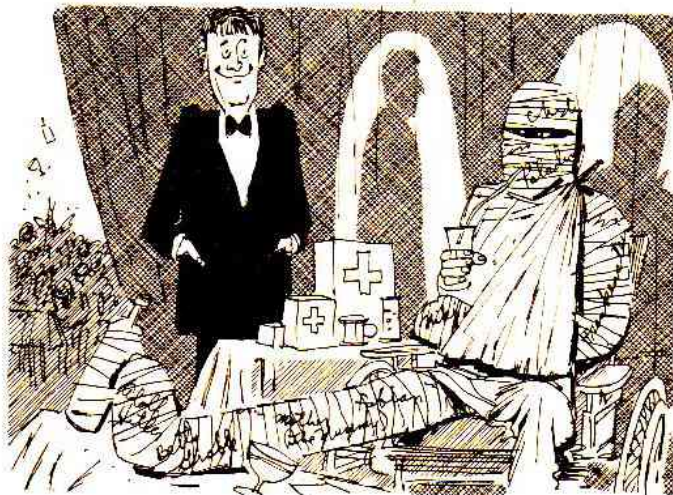
What's that, sir? Can you take a bow — you lost your wife in the disaster . . . Sorry, we haven't got time to give everyone a hand . . .



One thing bothers me — I see that you are Italian. When you shouted down into the ravine, did you shout in Italian? Yes. What if someone lying down in the ravine was English and couldn't understand you? He'd still be down there.



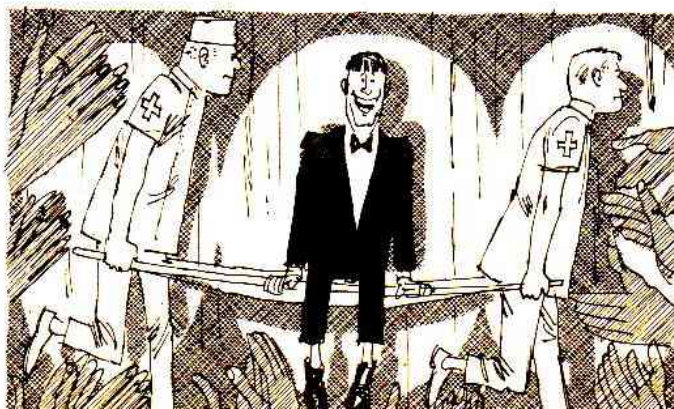
Here too, folks, is one of the survivors of the disaster. You were huddled together in one of the cable cars — how did you keep warm? You lit matches and when the matches went out, you lit one of the other survivors. That was very brave of you . . . What is your advice to people planning a trip to the Alps this year? Bring along a parachute . . . Thank you.



We just have time to present the head of the gallant rescue party . . . Sir, did you go down into the treacherous ravine to look for bodies of the victims? Oh, it was too cold for that. I see. What did your rescue work consist of, then? You shouted down into the ravine, but you got no answer. Very heroic of you . . . You didn't think you would get an answer . . .



That's all the time we have, folks. But if you stay for the second show, you'll meet survivors of the Zurich bus disaster — and actually see the bus . . . All part of the club's new entertainment policy of bringing you international stars.



Experience counts, but
can it multiply?

SEA HAUNT

Seven thousand bucks for
skin diving equipment,
and that's only for air.
Well, why shouldn't I have
the best of everything, I'm
Lloyd Bridgeless, greatest
living authority on under-
water swimming . . .

SKIN DIVING EQUIPMENT



Perfect! But I've got to
keep up with the very
latest developments in skin
diving or I may lose my
TV rating.

In this outfit, I'll be a
cinch to break all
records . . .

I'll go deeper than any
sin diver has gone be-
fore . . .

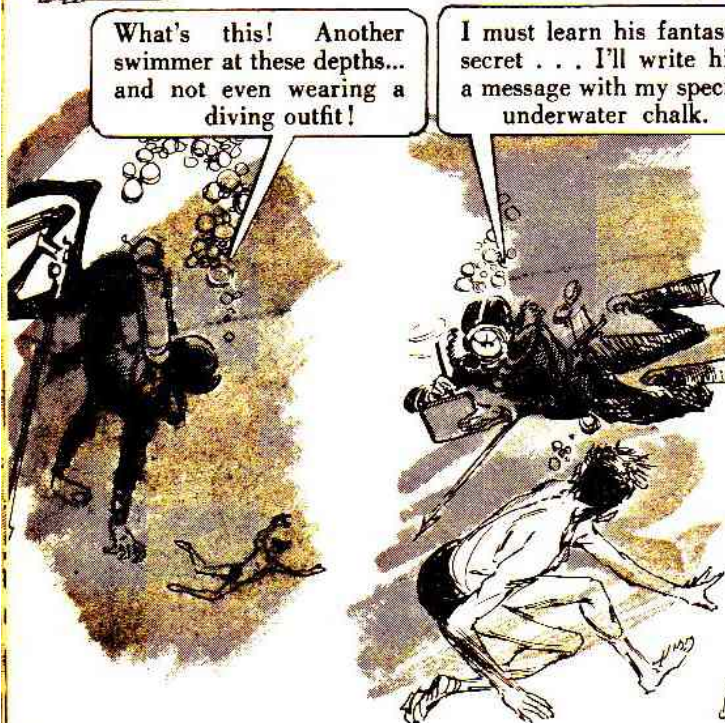
Even the fish can't keep
up with me . . .



What's this! Another
swimmer at these depths...
and not even wearing a
diving outfit!

I must learn his fantastic
secret . . . I'll write him
a message with my special
underwater chalk.

Ah, he reads me . . . He's
reaching for my slate! At
last, I'll know!



SECOND FEATURE

featuring
**Rowan
and
Martin**



Perry Como and friends

Rowan and Martin
doing the drunk
heckler bit

SHOW BIZ

IN every issue SICK reviews a current feature motion picture. We said of "Ben Hur"—*"a good race picture"*... "West Side Story"—*"better than average travelogue,"* "Guns of Navarone"—*"good reports, but very loud in spots"*... "The Alamo"—*"needs a happy ending"*... "Judgment at Nuremberg"—*"not enough action"*... "Advise and Consent"—*"bright, lilting musical"*... "One Eyed Jacks"—*"a good race picture"*... "The Mask"—*"fair horror picture in which Vincent Price didn't appear — we don't think."*

WE have a movie review in this issue, but since double features are the big thing today, we are going to create our own second feature—how novel!... No, it's not from a novel, so don't be so quick to jump to conclusions. The next time you do that, we're going to rap you on the knuckles. Reminds us of the funny story of the guy who goes into the butcher shop and says to the butcher, *"Give me some knuckles."* And the butcher makes a fist and raps the guy in the mouth. The guy picks himself up from the floor and growls, *"Not for me — for my dog."* So the butcher raps his dog in the mouth.

SICK'S own movie stars Dan Rowan and Dick Martin, that wonderful comedy team of Rowan and Martin as they're known to the Los Angeles phone company. Dan Rowan is one of the best straight-men in the business. He is such a good straight-man, he was canoeing with a date when the canoe capsized—the girl yelled *"Help!"* and Dan said *"Help?"*

DAN is a ladies man. He recently dated a trio and now he's dating an all-girl choir. You talk about self-confidence. The job of the straight-man is to set up the comic or nut of the comedy team. George Burns, Bud Abbott, Dean Martin, Edgar Bergen are among the world's great straight-men.

DAN and Dick used to work a lot like Bergen and McCarthy, but Dick got too heavy for Dan's knee. The remarkable thing about the team is that when Dick talks, people say you can hardly see Dan's lips move. That's because Dan is a master at throwing his voice. He started doing this way back in high school where he used to throw basketball games.

DICK MARTIN is one of the country's funniest clowns. Dick explains his climb to fame this way: *"Before we got TV exposure, people used to say: 'I don't like Dick Martin, but I don't know why.' Now, after guest shots on the Como and Sullivan shows, people say: 'I don't like Dick Martin and I can tell you why.'"*

DICK has made many friends throughout the country in niteclubs and hotels with his portrayal of a drunk heckling Dan's interpretation of a Hollywood star doing Shakespeare.



DICK is married to singer Peggy Connelly and they have a lovely home in Studio City, California, where Dick drives up the driveway every night and shouts at Peggy, "Why can't you keep the kid's bike out of the driveway?" To which Peggy explains, "But, Dick, our baby doesn't have a bike." And Dick shouts, "Get him one and put it in the driveway. It's a conversation piece — it gives young married couples something to talk about when the husband gets home."

Actually, Dick and Peggy are the ideal married couple. Peggy is a talented and bright young wife, having majored in community property in college.

So much for our stars. We debated the title for our movie. First, we thought we'd call it, "The Rover Boys Return," but our editor objected to calling them the Rover Boys and to the words "return." So we changed the title to "The Return of the Rover Boys" and he bought that in a minute, which gives you some idea of what we're up against.

Armed with our catchy title "What We're Up Against," we had to decide on a locale for our picture. Since Rowan and Martin were both in Hollywood at the time and our camera crews and equipment were also in Hollywood, we decided the only practical thing to do was to shoot the picture in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Now, you may ask — "What's in Grand Rapids?" The answer — our picture. It also gives Dick a chance to get away from home where he has a driveway full of three-wheel bicycles. He can't wait until the driveway gets bigger so he can have two-wheelers.

Our picture, "Would Grand Rapids be so Grand if it wasn't so Rapid?" opens with the parting of the Red Sea by Robert Moses, who says the immortal words, "This would be a fine place for the New York World's Fair." In actual history, Moses was supposed to part the Red Sea a week earlier, but Mrs. Moses said it wasn't a nice day to go to the beach.

We don't dwell on Moses' feat in our picture because Moses was just a one-shot star. What else did he do? If he had followed the parting of the Red Sea by opening the Atlantic Ocean or even Lake Erie, he could have been a much bigger star. Moses had this one great achievement and that was it. And he didn't part the Red Sea too long. He just parted the waters; the Hebrews went through, and then he brought the waters together again.

**Footnote: Moses did do something else besides parting Red Sea; he brought the Ten Commandments to the world, but after all, how many people remember the Ten Commandments?*

Do you have the feeling we drifted away from our movie? Our picture opens when Dick and Dan discover salt water in the Grand Rapids. If there is salt water in Grand Rapids, they know this means that Lake Michigan must be an ocean. Therefore, Dick and Dan set out to make waves who have a training station in nearby Great Lakes.

We would give you a synopsis of the picture but it would be quicker to tell you the story. "Synopsis," by the way, is from the Greek — SYN meaning short and NOPSIS meaning story, thus, SYN-NOPSIS, or Short Greek. Some time we'll tell you why short Greeks always open restaurants with tall ceilings, but that's another nopsis.

Our film, "Sons of Navarone," opens in Greece. It's early Greece, about 8:30 A.M. We find our heroes working out in a gym.

Dick is telling Dan about a new diet he has found that is all psychological.

DAN

Does it make you lose weight?

DICK

No, but it makes you glad you're fat.

DAN

Lifting weights will give you muscles. You don't have to be the weakling on the beach anymore.

DICK

I know. Now, I'm going to a pool.

DAN

Weight-lifting will make you better able to defend yourself. Just remember one thing; The bigger the guy is, the bigger the beating he can give you.



Next, we establish our heroes as the outdoor type

DICK

Say, Dan, I don't ever get the girls — you know, if I was in Phil Spitalny's Orchestra, I'd be dating the bus driver.

DAN

Maybe your approach is wrong. When you take a girl into the woods, what happens?

DICK

She lights a cigarette and right away it's springtime.



Come on, Dick, that's the ski slope.

I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole.

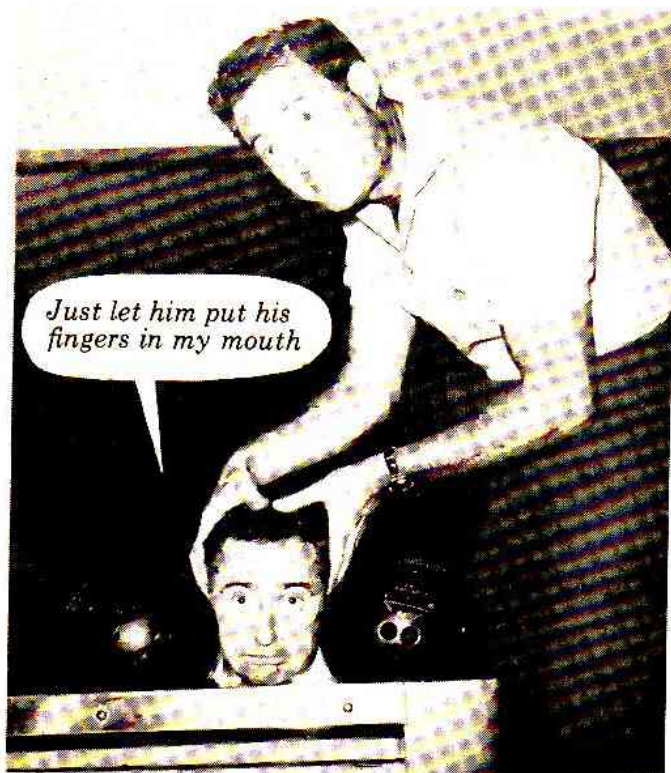
Keeping with the virile motif, Dick and Dan go bowling...

DAN

Let me teach you. The first thing you have to learn about bowling is how to address the ball.

DICK

Hello there, ball, how are things in the alley?



In the bowling alley scene, we introduce our first guest star, Milton Berle. Guest stars are used to liven up movies. Sometimes Hollywood goes overboard with this gimmick. We once saw a Tarzan movie in which Woody Herman and his entire 18-piece band were guest stars. To work them into the film believably, they had to be on a plane that was forced down in the jungle. After they did their number, the script writers were faced with the problem of how to get rid of them. They decided to



have them eaten by a wandering tribe of cannibals, who in the last reel turn out to be Lionel Hampton and his quintet in another musical guest spot.

Many people forgot this scene, but Johnny Weismuller never did. To this day when he sees a plane flying overhead in the jungle he says, "I guess Woody Herman is doing another guest shot."

Meanwhile, back in our film, "Tarzan at Rose-land," Dan is still teaching Dick the finer points of bowling.

DAN

The object of the game is to knock down all the pins.

DICK

I did that, but a little kid keeps putting them back up.

DAN

That's the pinsetter.

DICK

I don't care what his name is — tell him to leave the pins alone.

DAN

Now, listen carefully. If you knock all the pins down with two balls, they call it a spare. If you knock all the pins down with one ball, they call it a strike. Can you remember that? All right, now when do you call a strike?

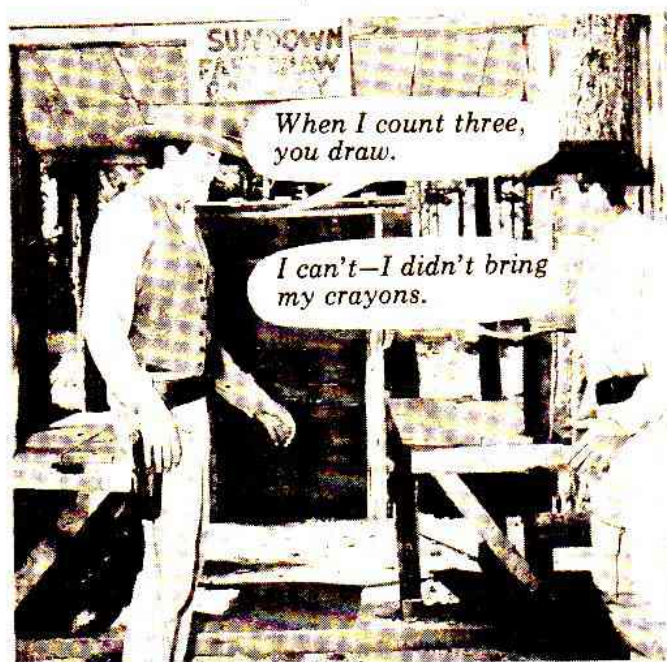
DICK

Not until Jimmy Hoffa pushes the button.



Next, we show the boys' versatility by giving scenes of the various movie roles they can play —

The Cowboy Epic



When I count three,
you draw.

I can't—I didn't bring
my crayons.

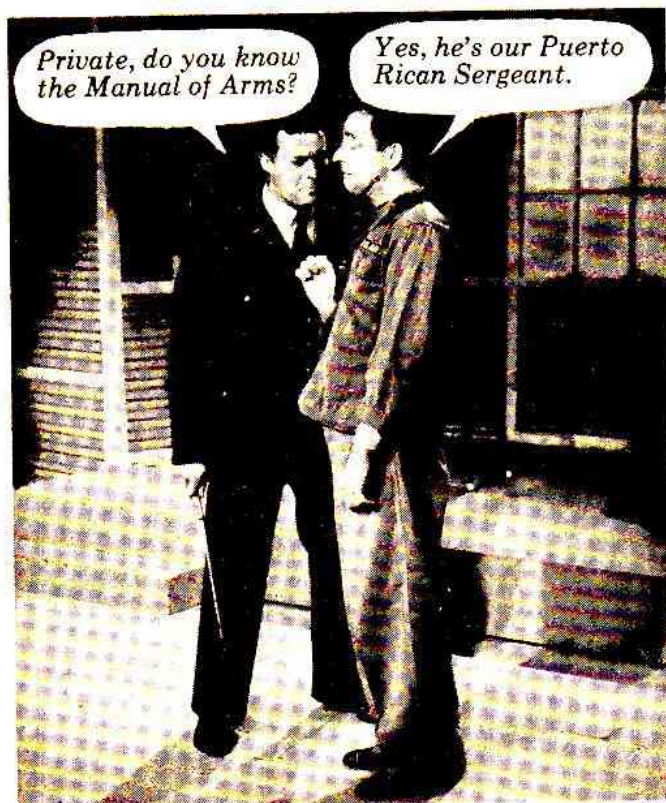
JIM:

*Tell me your name, Stranger, so after I shoot you,
I can tell your mother.*

DAN:

*That's not necessary, Marshal, his mother
knows his name.*

The Army Movie



Private, do you know
the Manual of Arms?

Yes, he's our Puerto
Rican Sergeant.

The Musical Comedy



Fly me to the Moon—

And call me an
astronaut...

The Costume Spectacle



DAN

In this scene, we play the Three Musketeers.

DICK

*Something tells me they should have gotten
the Ritz Brothers.*

DAN

*They wanted to do it the hard way.
You play a dual role.*

DICK

Goodie, I love those dualing scenes.

The Private Detectives



DAN

*Now, let me get this straight, Madam. Your
husband is hanging from the chandelier, he has
a knife in his back, four bullet holes in his chest
and an arrow through his throat and
you don't know what to do.*

DICK

Tell her to put her husband on the phone.

Insurance Investigators

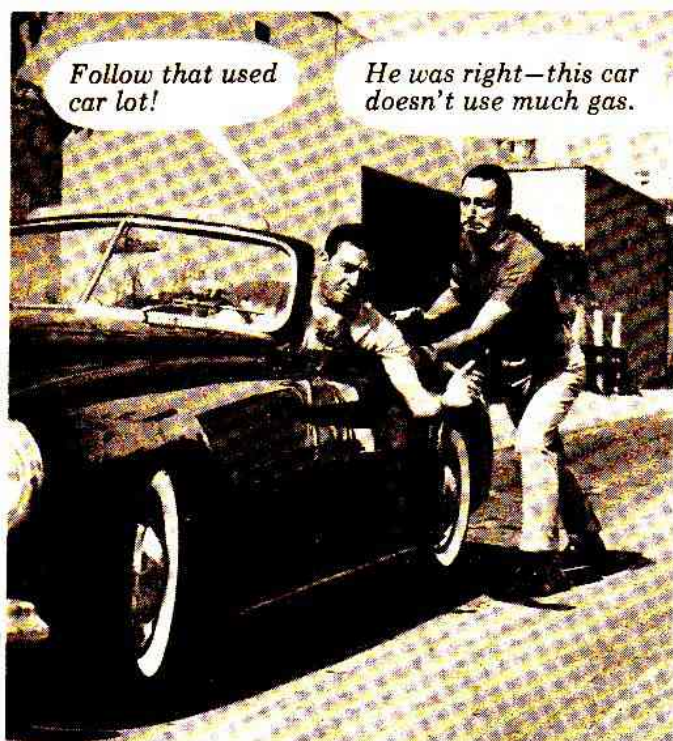


This is the fabulous Renoir Mother Weeping. They tried to smuggle it out of the country as a postcard.

Postcard? Where's the place for the stamp to go?

Every picture ends with a chase. Our film, *"Two Men on a Benson Hodges"*, is no exception. Rowan and Martin are chasing the guy who sold them their sports car. They just discovered it's got a trunk space in front and back.

The used car dealer trades the sports car for a Volare, telling them they can have it for a song. He swears that it just came in 4th in the Indianapolis 500. What he didn't tell them was, the driver came in 7th.



Follow that used car lot!

He was right—this car doesn't use much gas.

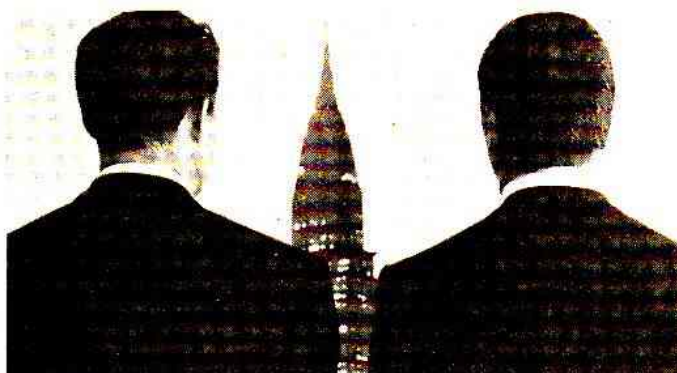
Finally, they trade in the Volare for a German car—a Studebaker, and they have what they always wanted—a REAL compact car.



How much money did you put in here?

I just put in my third penny and I still haven't gotten any gum.

Our picture ends with a sigh of relief as Rowan and Martin look out at the sunset and ask "Should we grab the money and run to Brazil and live in Extradition? And Dick leaves us all with a final word:



DICK

We shouldn't ask what Extradition can do for us, but rather what we can do for Extradition. And walking down the road of life, it is not so important what game you play but how many men are on base when the winning run is scored. Because we must get the forward who is high scorer with 32 points and that's just for the first quarter so you can imagine what he can do with a full moon. . . .

DAN

I think there's something in that for everyone.

DICK

If they will only look and by looking seek, for it is far nobler to give before you receive and have time to exchange gifts. You can lead a horse to water, but if you can get him to build a toll bridge and run it for you—well, then. . . .

And so we take our leave of Rowan and Martin as the luxury liner, Titanic, sinks in the Arctic Ocean and the crew of the iceberg chalks up another direct hit.

The world is getting better and better. Now they have a new makeup—the Cleopatra Look . . . For women who want to lose their husbands . . . They have an electric toothbrush so when you open your mouth a light will go on inside. Soon they will bring us transcontinental TV, and the one show we want to see is —

SICK CLARK Around the World

IN ITALY...

This is Sick Clark in Naples, Italy, and with me is a typical Italian teen-ager, will you tell us your name?

Rocko Volare.

That's an unusual name—did you know it's also the name of a popular song?

Rocko?

What is the biggest juvenile problem in Italy?

Keeping the kids off the street. It's very serious, especially in Venice. If they play in the streets there, they can drown.

What does your father do?

He's a wino.

Oh, your father is a habitual drunk?

I don't think so—I've never seen him get drunk in a habitual . . . SICK, I want to give you this gift—it's a chapel, we kids built ourselves. We like you, Sick, because you understand the teen-agers' problems. How old are you, Sick?

I'm 34.

34—No wonder you understand the teen-agers' problems. You're just a few years younger than we are.

Tell me, Rocko, have you seen anything of Liz Taylor and Richard Burton? They are over here making a picture.

I've seen them, but I didn't know they were making a picture. I thought they were making a spectacle.

IN GERMANY...

This is Sick Clark in Germany and here is a typical German teenager. Will you tell us, what did your father do in the war?

He was a commander in Germany's underwater fleet.

Oh, he was a submarine captain?

No, he was a pilot. He was shot down over the Atlantic. My mother was a storm trooper.

That's a tough job for a woman—being a storm trooper.

You telling me—always out in all that rain and snow.

Are there any other children in your family?

Nein.

You have nine brothers and sisters?

Nein—I have no brothers and sisters.

For a German you speak good English.

I can't speak German.

What do you study in school?

We study American Presidents—we studied about Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson, John Wilkes Booth...

Wait a minute—John Wilkes Booth never got the Presidency...

No—but he got the President.

What's your favorite sport here in Germany?

Drag racing—all the boys dress up like girls and go racing.

What's your favorite hobby?

I collect horses.

That's a hobby?

Yes—I collect hobby horses.

IN TOKYO...

Here we are in Tokyo interviewing a typical Japanese teen-ager... Tell me, what is your favorite subject in school?

Hari-Kari.

How are you doing in it?

I don't know. I keep killing the instructor.

Is going steady with the same girl a problem in Japan?

Yes, all Japanese girls look the same. No matter who you take out here, it's like going steady.

I understand you make transistor radios no bigger than the size of a ring—that's amazing to me. Tell me, do they work?

Listen.

How can you tell the difference between a Japanese boy and a Chinese boy?

Very simple—Japanese look like me. Chinese boys look different—They are very short, with slanted eyes and buck teeth.

The Japanese are famous for their proverbs.

No, Sick—that's the Chinese—you confused already. Chinese short people, slanted eyes, buck teeth—I'll point one out to you if he comes along. You better learn difference—Boy, if you were in jungles around 1942 and you didn't know difference, you'd be in big trouble...

Do you have any proverbs?

Yes... I know proverb thousands and thousands of years old. Handed down from father to son... son to father... from generation to generation... from hand to mouth... This proverb as old as Japan itself.

Who told it to you?

An American GI... Proverb goes like this... Hong Toi... Wong Mee Hi... Mee How, Ao Fong... Hari Kari... Harry Cohen... Pey Yong... All out of Won Ton... Yankees 5 Orioles 3... Tu Foi... Pey Yong...

That's beautiful. What does it mean?

Look for it in the Yellow Pages—Let your fingers do the walking.

KNOW YOUR PUBLIC SERVANTS DEPT.

Garbageman

By Charles Martin

Are you the type of citizen who puts his garbage on the curb twice a week and walks away from it as though it were junk . . . ? Your SICK

editors suggest you observe the garbage crew the next time they come around. You'll see by their method and approach that no two garbage heaps are the same.



The first member of the crew is called the "SCOUT." He appraises trash can contents with an experienced eye, visually determining the heavy ones from the less solidly packed. He will in turn advise the "Lifter" how much strength to exert and how loudly to grunt.



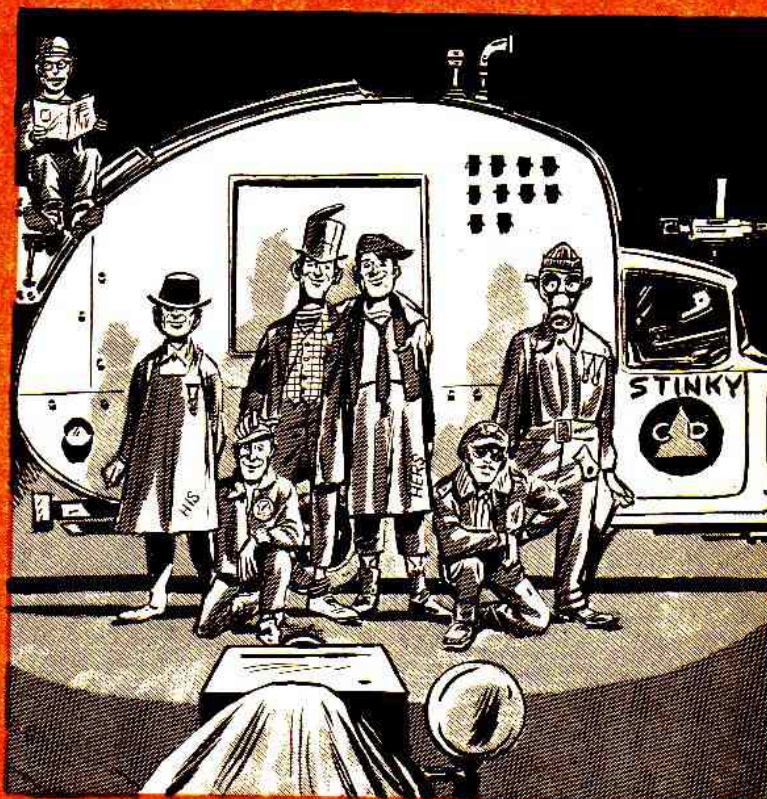
The next member of the crew is called the "SWAPPER." He ascertains whether there is anything left worth redeeming after the pickers have been around the night before. He is particularly on the lookout for rubber kewpie dolls to hang on the radiator of the truck. His position is essentially one of morale.



Another in expendable member of the crew is the "INVERTER" who finds new ways to place empty cans back on the curb. It is an unwritten law that the cans never land right side up.



Here's where the "SCOUT" doubles in trash. He takes on the role of "KICKER" and expertly disperses any garbage that may have spilled out on your curb in the process of disposal.



As the renowned Garbage Commissioner of Surplus, Mass. Macklin Pring, said: "What care I who writes the country's laws, as long as I can scratch the bottom of John Q. Public's barrel."

The only thing we got out of college was how to open a wine bottle without a corkscrew (you break it over a window ledge) and how to fill an inside straight. Therefore, we are fully qualified to advise —

HOW TO GET THE

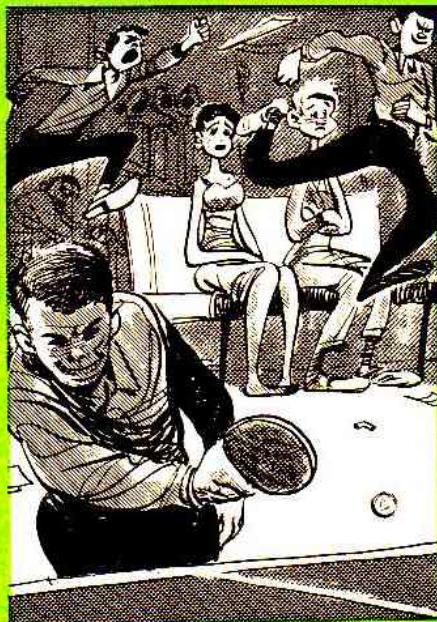
Presents from home are a most enjoyable part of college life. If you receive a cake, take the file out before you eat it.



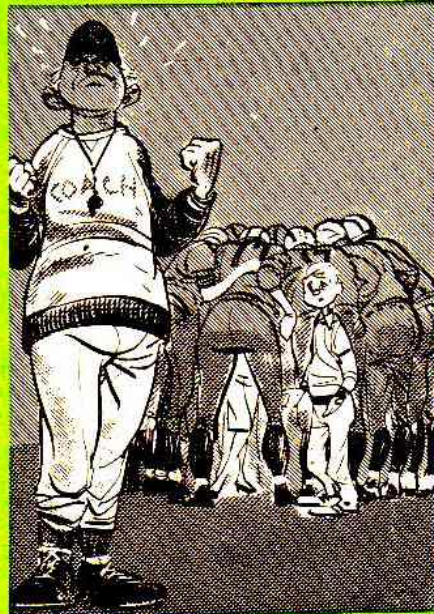
Table habits are a key to popularity. We won't have time to go into all the rules of etiquette, but a good rule of thumb is to keep your thumb out of the food.



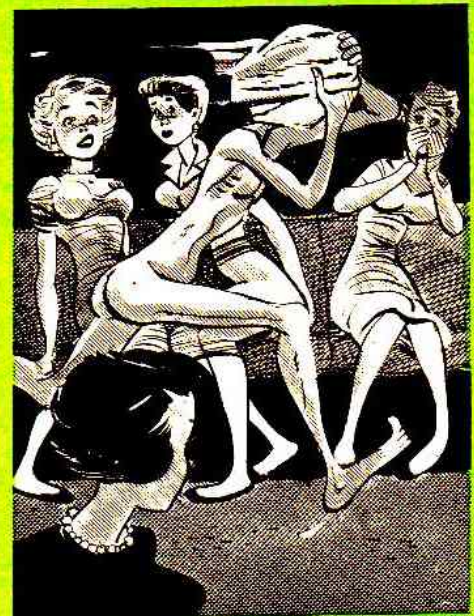
Sharing should extend to dates. We once brought the entire University marching band on a date. It was a little noisy, but until this day our date claims she has never been on a better parade.



Indoor sports can add fun to college days. We remember we had a play room in our fraternity house. We were in college three years before we learned we were supposed to play ping pong and pool in there.



Outdoor sports are a big part of college curriculum. Some critics say there is too much emphasis today on football in our colleges. This criticism has come mostly from basketball and track coaches.



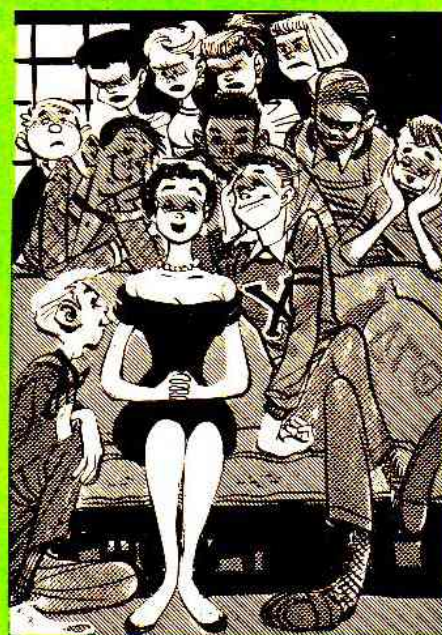
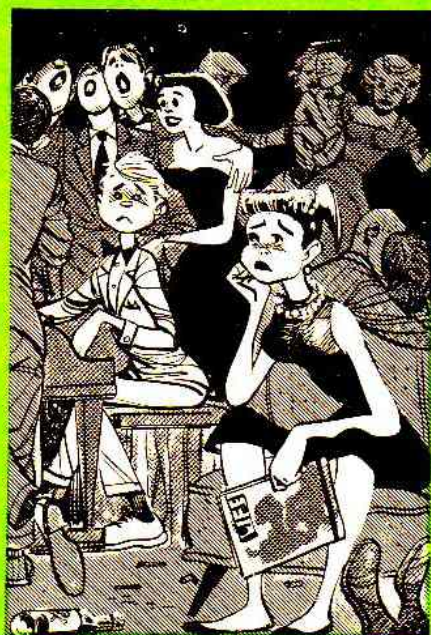
Being Popular in college is simple. Just date the most popular girl. Some guys never talk to you unless you're with a pretty girl. That's why it's so quiet in men's locker rooms.

MOST OUT OF COLLEGE

Location of your room is of prime importance. If you live in a fraternity house, there are three strategic points: (1) the bathroom (2) the phone and (3) the kitchen. In our fraternity house, our room was located next to the kitchen. We had an extension phone put in there and took our baths in the sink.

Sharing in college extends to money. True, Shakespeare said, "Neither a borrower nor lender be." He said it to Oliver Cromwell who had asked him for the correct time. But then Shakespeare never went to college. If he had, they wouldn't have had to explain every other word he wrote.

Picking a roommate is a vital concern to happy college life. Just go up to the roughest, nastiest bully on the campus and ask him "How would you like to be my roommate?" One guy roomed with Sonny Liston for four years and no one ever bothered him—except the cops. Only one fellow we know had a better deal—he roomed with Tony Curtis. He saw a lot of Janet Leigh that year. Of course he doesn't see her any more—but those are the breaks.



Parties are important. You can be the life of the party if you have the personality for it. If you can't be the life of the party, get hold of a good magazine and be the Life reader at the party.

Water fights are an intricate part of the learning process. Last year during a water fight, a group of Yale students sank a fraternity house. The boys were expelled but got commissions to the Naval Academy.

You might have noticed that throughout this article of helpful hints on "How to Get the Most Out of College," nothing has been said about study, books and learning. Let's keep it that way.

FADS

Headline: COLLEGE STUDENT MAKES 1,066 TRIPS IN CLOTHES DRIER



A Freshman at Abilene College in Texas set a new record of 1,066 spins in a clothes drier, says he was "pretty dizzy" when he first came out. We think he must have been pretty dizzy when he went in.



Whatever happened to sensible, conscientious college students who used to swallow goldfish, stage panty raids and pile into telephone booths?



The student took some nourishment while inside the dryer. It would be possible, and quite likely, that some college kid will spend his entire four years inside a clothes dryer. When he graduates, he can become an astronaut.



A student in Yale found a unique use for his clothes dryer. He put his wet laundry in there. He was wearing it at the time.



At a Midwestern co-educational University, a boy and girl student, both sophomores, are inside a clothes dryer. They've been going around together for three days now.



Two years ago a woman in Tennessee admitted she used to rock her baby to sleep by placing him in the family clothes dryer and turning it on. The experience had no ill effects, except that everytime the kid sees a laundromat it turns his stomach.

THE GOLF ANNOUNCER

Good afternoon, golfing fans, this is your announcer, Bert Armour. We're in the 4th and final round of the PGA National Open Golf Tournament at the Wedgewood Country Club in Oakmont, Pennsylvania with Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer matched in a playoff.

Palmer is trailing Nicklaus by three strokes as they approach the 18th hole. It's a hot day here, fans, and if you're like me, you've got plenty of Taber's Pale Dry Ale on hand. Taber's Ale that gave Gainsboro, Ohio a reputation. The action is great here today fans, the suspense is fantastic as the players approach the 18th hole in the 4th and final round of the PGA National Open Golf Tournament at the Wedgewood Country Club in Oakmont, Pennsylvania.

Dead silence falls over the crowd here as Arnold Palmer prepares to try for his 65-foot putt. He has an uphill lie on a treacherous green. It is so quiet you can hear a pin drop, as

they say at the bowling championships. Palmer approaches the ball. Wait a minute, Palmer is turning this way. He is disturbed. Palmer tells the PGA official, Hank West, that he hears someone talking.

That's how these golf pros are, fans, this game requires such concentration that the slightest sound will upset their coordination. That is why Palmer has interrupted this important putt to ask for quiet from the gallery. The PGA official, Hank West, is calling for absolute silence on the green. He is asking for quiet from the gallery which numbers about 3,000 on this last and final green of the \$50,000 National PGA Open Golf Tournament here at Wedgewood Country Club in Oakmont, Pennsylvania. West is asking the gallery to show equal courtesy to both players.

Tension is rising. This shot is worth \$16,000 to Arnold Palmer. He still hears someone talking. The PGA official again calls for quiet on the green.



Palmer shoots . . . The ball rolls by the hole and Jack Nicklaus is the 1962 PGA National Open winner!!!

Here is Arnold Palmer, looking a little dejected and disgusted. Arnold, will you say a few words to our TV audience?

YEA—
SHUT UP!





News Item: Drilling has resumed on the tunnel through Mt. Blanc. The tunnel will be 7.2 miles long under Europe's tallest peak.

They are digging a tunnel through Mt. Blanc in the Alps. No reason for the tunnel, it started out to be just a cave and then it spread. An Italian crew started digging on one side of the mountain and a French crew started on the other side. They'll meet in the center of the mountain—they hope. SICK sent its bridge editor, Charles Goren, to cover the story from the beginning. Here is his report of the speech the tunnel superintendent gave his crew before they took up their shovels:

All right, guys, you want to gather around and I'll give you your orders. Feel free to ask questions if there's anything you don't understand. Guys, we're gonna dig a tunnel through Mt. Blanc. What's that, Hathaway? "Why?" Why Mt. Blanc or why a tunnel? "Why a tunnel?" What would you suggest—a bridge? Here is the city of Chamonix, here is En-traves. Our tunnel will connect the two cities. You all know the shortest distance between two points is a tunnel.

We have to dig out a highway 7.2 miles long through the mountain. Yes, Gottlieb. "What do we do with all that dirt?" We haven't decided yet — we may build another mountain. Another question, Hathaway? "Won't it be dark in the tunnel?" Yes, but we'll all be holding hands. We'll also be wearing coal miners' caps with lights on top of them. Spangler? "Why do coal miners wear lights on top of their caps?" Where would you like them to wear the lights, Spangler—inside their caps?

Yes, Trotter. "What do you do for water?" I suggest you go to the beach. Yes, Hathaway? "What about insurance?" Sorry, Hathaway, I'm already covered up to here.



Your question, Pierrepont. "What should you do if you are digging in the tunnel, and there's a cave-in and all exits are blocked?"

I'd suggest you stay right where you are. What were you planning to do? "You'd call the Automobile Club of America. They'd send a tow truck." Ostenberger? "What happens if there's a landslide and you all get trapped in the tunnel?" I guess we have no other alternative but to hire a new crew and start from scratch.

Yes, Hathaway? What's your question? "Is there any danger in this job?" No, don't tell him, fellas, I want him to find out for himself. You have another question, Trotter? Why are there no Italians in this crew?" I'm glad someone asked that. There are no Italians in this crew because of an ancient local superstition which states that it's bad luck to die young.

Gottlieb? "What experience do I have for this job?" You have a perfect right to ask that. I dug the Lincoln Tunnel. What, Hathaway? You thought Abraham Lincoln dug the Lincoln Tunnel?" Why did you think that? "Because George Washington built the George Washington Bridge." I hate to disillusion you, Hathaway, but George Washington didn't build the George Washington Bridge. He was too busy with the war, so his wife built the bridge.

"How about meals?" The company has thought of that—they have built a beautiful 200-seat dining room for your convenience. No, Hathaway, it's not in the tunnel.

If there are no more questions, let's go to work. I leave you with these immortal words of Benito Mussolini: "You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can make a fool of all of the people, sometimes, but for some people you can stand on your head for hours and they'll still poke you to see if you're still alive."

(The tunnel under Mt. Blanc will cut four hours off the trip from Entreves to Chamonix. We can't understand this because the nicest thing about Chamonix is the trip there. Maybe they need a tunnel, but all we can say is the old route had better scenery.)

ADVERTISING

Let Hertz Put You In THE DRIVER'S SEAT

SCENE: Madison Avenue Office. Chief of the Agency, S.L. is speaking to ad executive, F.T.



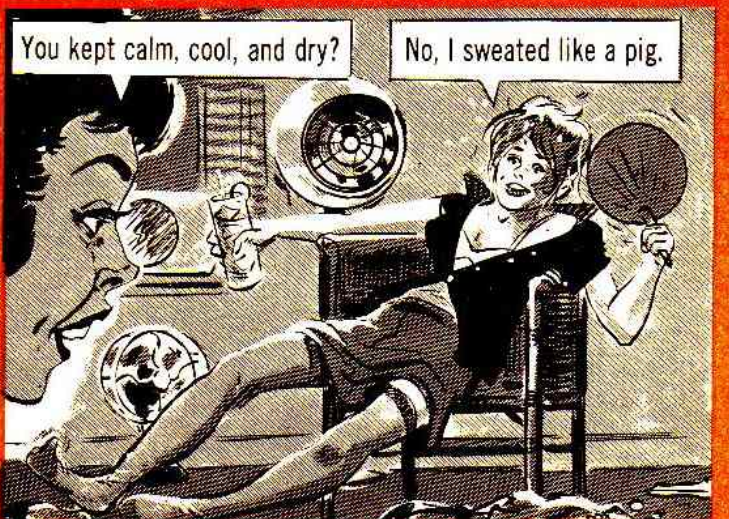
TV Commercial

There are a lot of obnoxious commercials on TV, but the ones which really grab us are those starring Katy Winters.

SCENE: KATY VISITING FRIENDS



LATER...



OLD TIME MOVIES

You remember those movies where the young boy and girl dance team rehearsed for six months solid. They never did a show, just rehearsed. And it was always the same number: "Keep Your Sunny Side Up." Then, one day, the boy calls the girl excitedly and tells her he finally realizes what they need—

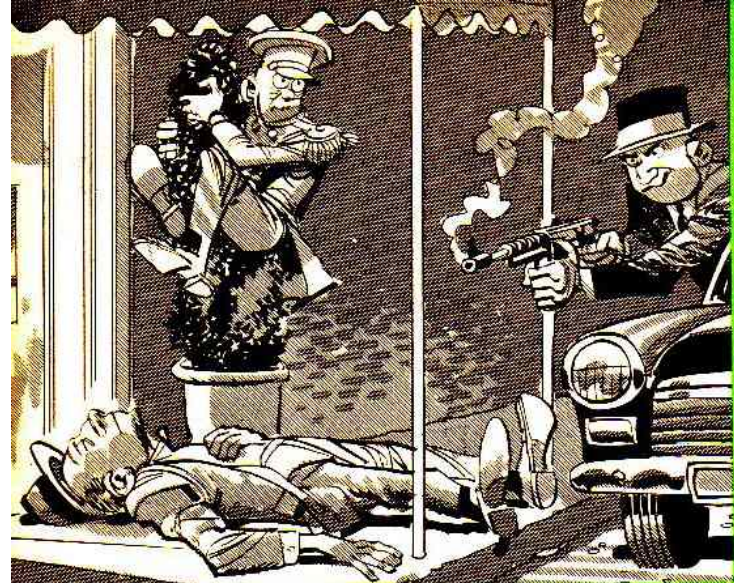


And remember those bad murder mysteries? We think the studio heads in the late 30's used to have a meeting and say: "Let's make a bad murder mystery."



Our favorite scene was when the playboy, Paul Langdon, was the victim of a murder plot. The murder victim was always named Paul Langdon in those days. An actor knew if he got the role of Paul Langdon, he'd be looking for work again in a few days. Actors told their agent they wouldn't play the Langdon part. It consisted of leaving a nightclub and getting shot down. An actor would tell his agent:

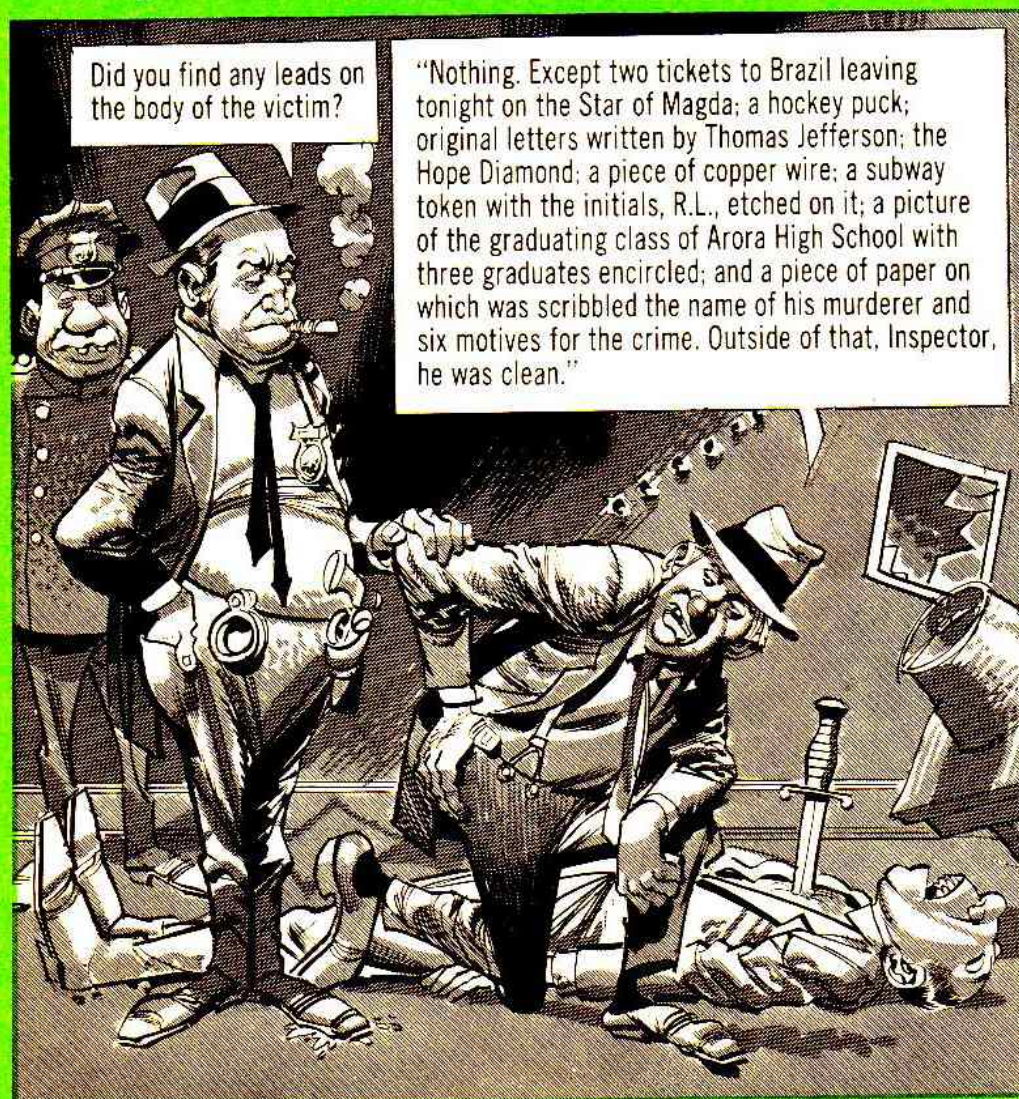




Langdon was always a good-for-nothing playboy without a purpose in life. Robert Lowrey used to play the role a lot. Lowrey got murdered two years ago upon leaving a Hollywood nite spot.

We're only kidding, Robert Lowrey is still alive and he does have a purpose to go on living. He has a lovely wife and three beautiful children suing him for alimony payments.

The scene in the picture we liked was after Langdon's body was found, the inspector would question his sergeant:



Did you find any leads on the body of the victim?

"Nothing. Except two tickets to Brazil leaving tonight on the Star of Magda; a hockey puck; original letters written by Thomas Jefferson; the Hope Diamond; a piece of copper wire; a subway token with the initials, R.L., etched on it; a picture of the graduating class of Arora High School with three graduates encircled; and a piece of paper on which was scribbled the name of his murderer and six motives for the crime. Outside of that, Inspector, he was clean."



Well, no clues there!

CITY KIDS—
VACATION LIKE ARMY HEROES
AT EXCITING WAR SURPLUS

Camp Rest Area

See brochure

*have
fun*



Even the magic of this photograph fails to capture the charm and glamor of the main building with its inviting decor and completely luxurious simplicity.



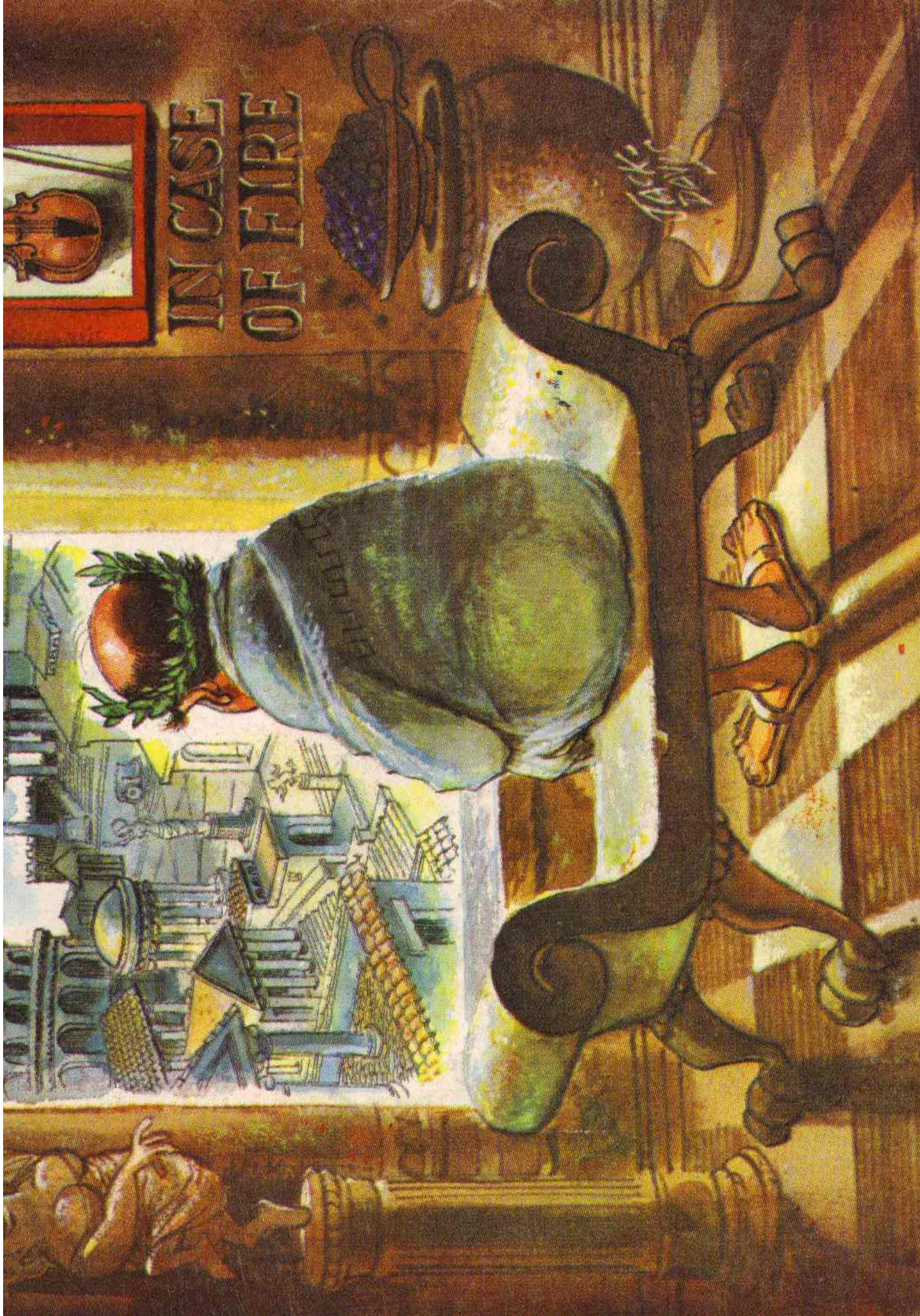
Our counselors are ready to serve you at all times and their presence at Camp Rest Area contributes to the air of gaiety and reckless abandon that always prevails.



Invigorating hikes in the scenic countryside await you at Camp Rest Area.



Living facilities are designed to suit every taste. Dormitory-style bungalows sleep 80 in a room.



IN CASE
OF FIRE